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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE SAN REMO CONFERENCE

FRANCE now has two very able representatives defending her international political interests in the forum of world opinion. One of these is ex-President Poincaré now political editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, one of whose articles we have recently published. The second is André Tardieu, a leader of the radical democrats in the Chamber of Deputies, who has recently been almost a weekly contributor to *L'Illustration*, where he finds a wide hearing outside of France. His historical review of the divergence of opinion between France and Great Britain regarding the conditions of peace with Germany, which we print in this number, is the ablest presentation of France's case which has come to our attention. But it seems to us to overlook what is perhaps the most important reason for the difference in the popular attitude—sure eventually to be reflected in the political attitude—of these two countries toward Germany. Great Britain sees primarily the economic side of these problems. It takes a business man's view of the conditions necessary for Europe's recovery. With France, the question is regarded primarily under its political and military aspects. These diverging

tendencies are stronger than the personal influence of individual statesmen, or the policies of cabinets and political parties.

We rarely have occasion to quote American opinion *via* the European press, but the following introductory paragraphs from a prominent article in the *Manchester Guardian*, written by its New York correspondent, seem too pertinent to be passed over without notice.

San Remo illustrates well the extreme difficulty of American participation in European affairs. It was a meeting of chief executives who assumed the power, and no doubt had the power, to commit their representative nations to future action which might involve the use of armed forces.

There is no one in the American political system who can do that. The President tried to do it in Paris, and as a result aroused among all the other animosities a fierce constitutionalist hostility. No American official would have the authority to 'negotiate,' as that word was used at San Remo. No American official can enter into a series of bargains involving promises with the least assurance that these promises will be validated ultimately. In other words, there is really no Plenipotentiary in the American system, and San Remo seems to have been an affair of Plenipotentiaries.

The San Remo conference may mark a turning point in the post-

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treaty relations of the Entente with Germany. At least it has thrown the light of publicity upon those relations in a way that had not occurred before. The London *Daily Chronicle*, which is an ardent Lloyd George supporter, presents a British version of what was accomplished there as follows:

A great European danger was averted at San Remo. For months the danger had been brewing. France was being given over into the hands of her reactionaries — and, to-day more than ever, France is the land on which, for good or ill, the destinies of Europe must depend. Clemenceau, who, if he gave his colleagues of the great alliance, when they were drafting the treaty in Paris, many a difficult hour, knew perfectly well how to keep his own extremists in hand — Clemenceau, to whom we did not always do justice, was gone.

It was not the Socialists, but the hardened tax dodgers, the discredited but irrepressible Nationalists, the armchair adventurers, all the clans of reaction that had been suppressed for five years, who most rejoiced in his fall. Millerand, they were sure, would be more amenable.

They would give the Boche what for. They would see if their war profits were to be stolen simply because England, ever perfidious, had set the example of an iniquitous income tax. If the Boche would not pay, they would just march in and take this, that, and the other,

The bugles of revenge were heard again.

M. Poincaré, straight from the presidential palace, let himself go in the columns of one of the 'largest circulation' journals. M. André Tardieu, a young statesman who at one time seemed to have the heritage of French political liberalism within his grasp, countenanced the agitation.

The fact that the Entente with Great Britain, to say nothing of the United States, simply cannot live on lines of reaction and adventure must be understood by many leading politicians in Paris. But these men were, or were on the point of being, overwhelmed.

The march to Frankfort converted a domestic development into a challenge to the Alliance. Mr. Lloyd George immediately saw the menace and instantly grappled with it. If there is any Britisher whose love of France is beyond the possibility of doubt, it is he.

He knows that not alone the name, but the deepest facts, require that the Franco-British Entente shall be a democratic understanding, that whatever specific agreements be made from time to time, the fixed relationship must be one

of common character and common interest. The march to Frankfort was only a blunder; the next step along that road might be a crime.

M. Millerand is not a reactionary, or an adventurer, or a man liable for any reason to misunderstand the nature or belittle the importance of British friendship. But he took over from M. Clemenceau a terribly difficult task.

In ten days M. Millerand and his most influential fellows, have been brought to accept Mr. Lloyd George's principle of reasonable and concerted action, an open disavowal of any policy of adventure.

MORE RUMORS FROM RUSSIA

YESTERDAY we were told that the recovery of Europe depended upon the political stability and economic revival of Germany; to-day we are told that Russia holds the key to the problem of world recovery. This is probably only another way of saying that no single nation holds the fate of the world in its lap. Economic health must be restored before we can have social and political health. Until Russia resumes the production of food and raw materials, some factories in Western Europe and Great Britain will be under-employed, and part of their population may remain undernourished. So long as those conditions prevail, social unrest and political disturbances will continue; and there will be a world shortage of primary materials which will retard, for instance, the restoration of prices to their normal level in our own country. Therefore, all the light which we can obtain upon Russian conditions is of direct practical importance for ourselves. Our interest in Russian social theories and their application may wane, and turn from apathy to aversion; but our concern in the material welfare of the Russian people, and for their efficiency as producers, will probably be kept alive by the practical exigencies of our daily life.

As many of our readers doubtless know, the London *Economist* seldom

speaks upon such an important subject as Russian economic conditions except on a basis of expert information. The article we reprint from its columns is a matter-of-fact résumé of our latest intelligence from that country. Our second article upon Russia was written by the Editor-in-Chief of the former *St. Petersburg Zeitung*, an opportunist German daily in the capital of the Tsars, which was one of the last bourgeois publications in that city to be extinguished by the Bolsheviks. Exiles from Russia, whether natives or foreigners long domiciled in that country, are apt to be inspired by their own hopes and interests to expect a speedy overthrow of Bolshevism. That prediction has been characteristic of exile literature ever since Lenin and Trotzky came into power. To this extent we may discount Kügelgen's political speculations. But his analysis of underlying conditions is probably exceptionally well informed.

Novaya Russkaya Zhizn, a Russian paper printed in Helsingfors, quotes extracts of a speech delivered by Rykov, Chairman of the Bolshevik Supreme Economic Council, at the Congress of Delegates of Economic Councils held at Moscow on January 25, from which we select the following:

We have but one special train a month to haul iron to Central Russia from the Urals. We need about ten thousand tons of cotton a month from Turkestan to keep the textile factories of the Moscow district employed. As matters stand we have only two trains a month from that region. . . . We suffer the same embarrassment regarding raw materials from nearer sources; for example, the flax crop in Russia used to approach three hundred and fifty thousand tons. It fell to seventy thousand tons in 1918 and has declined greatly since that year. This is explained by the fact that the peasants have taken to raising grain instead of flax, because they could not get food from other districts. . . . During the first half of 1919 about a million hides were delivered to our central offices. The number during the entire year of 1920 will not exceed six hundred and fifty thousand.

The speaker said that if the blockade was lifted and peace made with Soviet Russia the shortage of raw materials in that country would be more serious than ever, because the government would have to use these to exchange for manufactures. In addition to the other difficulties confronting industry, was a scarcity of labor. Some of the workers had joined the Red army, others had withdrawn to the villages. Trotzky said: 'Hunger, lack of houses, and cold are driving the working people away from the manufacturing centres into the country, and not only into the country, but into the ranks of the illicit traders.'

Apparently, however, peasant self-help is beginning to exert itself — in defiance of Bolshevik theories and decrees — to save the spark of economic life which still survives in Russia. A primitive, self-subsisting peasant democracy may at last evolve from the present chaos.

PROPAGANDA INCIDENTS

PESTER LLOYD, the Conservative organ of the German speaking residents of Budapest, in an article intended to emphasize the necessity for intelligent Hungarian propaganda abroad, supports its contentions by the following illustrations:

This is the more necessary because our hostile neighbors, and particularly the Roumanians, are conducting an unscrupulous propaganda against Hungary abroad. Let us illustrate this by one or two examples. Articles favorable to Hungary appeared in some prominent Paris newspapers. They attracted great attention because they were written by very prominent journalists. Immediately a counter-agitation started. The authors of these articles and the editors of the journals in which they appeared, received a flood of letters from Roumanians, Czechs, and Serbs residing in Paris, urging them not to advocate the Hungarian cause.

Distorted reports, innuendoes, and lies were widely circulated for the purpose of converting any nascent sympathy for Hungary into hatred.

When these measures proved ineffective articles began to appear in rival newspapers attacking public men and authors who showed us the slightest favor and charging that they were bribed. . . . When the Roumanians were in Budapest they took several Bolshevik leaders into their service, including one of the best known of the Communist commissioners. These men accompanied the Roumanians when they retired from Hungary. Fifteen of these former Hungarian Bolsheviks now have their headquarters in Transylvania where they are in charge of newspapers in the Hungarian language, which are propagating Communist principles and Bolshevik doctrines, as we know to our misfortune, with great success. There is a possibility that the Roumanian authorities will themselves be the worst sufferers from this strategy; for this Bolshevik propaganda may not stop with Hungarian industrial workers, but spread to their Roumanian peasant neighbors. For the time being, the Roumanian authorities are willing to take any risk in order to substitute Bolshevism for Hungarian patriotism in the hearts of our fellow nationals in the annexed territories.

A FRENCH LABOR PARADISE

L'ACTION FRANCAISE quotes a letter written by a member of Parliament from L'Oise, condemning the shameful extravagance and waste in the regions under reconstruction. A machinist astounded by the amount he received came to the deputy in question with his pay envelope. In addition to 625 francs regular wages monthly, he was allowed for eight months of service 5391 francs in special bonuses. The deputy found many instances on the payroll where men were paid from 6000 to 9000 francs. The heavy pumps at Faverolles have been set up and taken down eighteen times on account of the blunders of the engineers in charge. The expense of these unnecessary operations was between 140,000 and 150,000 francs. One company operating in the same district purchased 20 electric units. In order to give employment to its machinists, it had these units assembled and set up twice. Six laborers, receiving 20 francs a day, were ordered to clean the parts.

When they had finished and asked what they should do next, they were told to 'go over them again.' These incidents are causing bitter complaint among the farmers, who cannot compete with the reconstruction contractors in wages. It is a common saying among French laborers: 'Why, here you have to work. I can get more pay doing nothing in the reconstruction area.' Autos and gasoline are wasted prodigally. A truck will be sent to a distant town to get a case of pears. One six-ton truck was sent from Hargicourt to Montdidier to take over a lock. The deputy himself has seen heavy beams, 21 to 24 feet long, urgently needed for reconstruction work, cut up to be used for private fuel by an official. He noticed six Dickinson cisterns worth 30,000 francs abandoned and rotting by the wayside. The superintendent in charge knew nothing of their existence.

AMERICAN MONEY FOR GERMANY

LE TEMPS devotes a leader to the financial aid which Germany is receiving from the United States. Besides describing the alleged plan for operating the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines under a coöperative agreement with American capital, this paper says:

It was recently reported that the city of Darmstadt had floated a small loan of 10,000,000 marks exclusively in the American market. The city of Coblenz anticipated its Southern neighbor by selling part of a loan in America a year ago; but this operation was *sub rosa*. That city proposes to ask American subscriptions officially this year for a larger sum, rumored to be 50,000,000 marks.

German manufacturers are devising various schemes to obtain credit for raw materials purchased in America. An experiment is about to be made on a small scale. Several spinners and weavers in Silesia have contracted with a group of American capitalists for cotton on credit. The American suppliers will have a lien upon the cloth made from this cotton. . . . It is

known that five large Chicago packers supplied Germany on credit last year with considerable quantities of meat and lard. The German Government paid for these provisions with short term mark notes. The receivers of these notes would have suffered considerable loss if American exchange had continued to decline. But the recent recovery in the mark has led to a renewal and extension of these credits.

A POLITICAL BALANCE SHEET

VORWÄRTS speaking officially for the Social-Democratic party thus summarizes the programme and accomplishments of the present government in a campaign appeal to German voters prior to the forthcoming parliamentary election:

i. Accomplished

1. Germany no longer a Monarchy but a Republic.
2. No more class privileges in voting but universal equal suffrage for both sexes.
3. The Referendum.
4. National unity strengthened by the centralization of the railways, the postal service, and other instrumentalities of communication in the hands of the central government.
5. Increased powers for wage earners and salaried employees to regulate their own conditions of employment through the Shop Council Law.
6. The right to employment and the right of the involuntarily unemployed to be supported.
7. Provision for socialization in the Constitution, permitting industries ready for this reform to be taken over by the national government, or by a state or municipal government.
8. An eight-hour day and Sunday rest enacted into law. The right to organize provided for in the Constitution. Abolition of special laws governing rural labor.
9. A heavy levy upon capital and upon unearned incomes.

ii. Proposed

1. Strengthening the Constitution of the Republic and defending it against assault.

2. Creation of a loyal Republican civil service and army.

3. Revision of the Treaty of Versailles through a prudent foreign policy.

4. Transfer of all appropriate industries to the government.

5. Systematic and efficient regulation of production and exchange by public agencies, chosen on a democratic basis, with Socialism as an end.

6. Increasing agricultural production by farm colonies; increasing manufactures and exports in order to procure provisions from abroad. Energetic suppression of illicit trading.

7. Adjustment of wages, salaries, and pensions to the higher cost of living. Adequate provision for war invalids and dependent survivors of fallen soldiers.

8. General protection for the economically weaker classes; resolute opposition to economic anarchy and exploitation.

THE DANISH ELECTIONS

As a result of the parliamentary election held in Denmark on April 26, the Liberals and Socialists appear to have gained the largest number of seats. Two Conservative organizations also increased their representation. The Radicals, who were more closely allied to the Socialists than the Liberals, lost heavily. The elections have resulted in a check to the Social-Democrats, although they hold four more seats than in the previous Parliament, because of the heavy losses experienced by their Radical allies. It is predicted that the new ministry will have unstable support, because the increased Socialist delegation still forms, with the decreased Radical delegation, a majority of the chamber.

FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN

BY ANDRÉ TARDIEU

BONAR LAW's speech of April 12, and that of M. Millerand the following day, record the restoration of harmony between France and Great Britain. Everyone will rejoice at this result. But in order that similar unhappy incidents may not repeat themselves, it is desirable to understand exactly the causes of the present one.

During this brief crisis the people of France were in complete agreement with their government. The position taken by Mr. Lloyd George on April 8 surprised and irritated us, because that position was neither just nor clear-sighted. From the first, the people of France were confident that the incident would pass without unpleasant consequences, because an agreement between France and Great Britain is as indispensable for our neighbors as for ourselves. We were equally convinced from the very first, however, that so far as Germany was concerned, if the evil were not irreparable it was at least serious. We have proof of that now in the recent speech of the German Chancellor.

This misfortune hung over us all last year, throughout the Peace Conference. Thanks to his unceasing vigilance and unequalled moral authority, M. Clemenceau succeeded in warding it off. Three months after he left office, three months after the treaty went into effect, the rupture occurred. It was the first victory Germany had won since defeating General Gough in Picardy, and since the *Chemin de Dames*.

In order to understand what occurred, we must recall first of all that ever since the armistice the question of the left bank of the Rhine has been a source of misunderstanding and friction between France and Great Britain. It takes three years of history to explain our recent week of estrangement.

From the beginning the British Cabinet failed to understand France's policy upon the Rhine. What France regarded as a necessary guaranty for the execution of the treaty and for its own security, Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues — possessed by the memory of Napoleon and misled by the intemperate language of part of our press — distrusted as a danger for the peace of Europe. As far back as 1917, Mr. Balfour, in two public addresses, vigorously denounced the plan for an autonomous government on the Rhine, which had been suggested the previous January by Mr. Briand in a confidential letter to Paul Cambon, and which was later vigorously advocated by M. Clemenceau at the Peace Conference. From January, 1919, the British Government displayed equal energy, though always in a most amicable manner, in its categorical refusal to endorse the French occupation of the Rhine frontiers.

After five weeks of debate, France obtained on the 22d of the following April, in addition to the two treaties which the Allies offered it on March 14 in place of an occupation, their consent for the latter, not only by the

French armies, but by those of the Allies as well. We attained this right for fifteen years, with the privilege of prolonging our stay if the guaranties of the two treaties were not fulfilled, and of renewing that occupation after we had evacuated these territories in case Germany failed to fulfill its financial engagements. However, only fifteen days after winning this victory in the Conference, M. Clemenceau was obliged to fight a new battle to protect what he had gained. In the midst of the general disquietude at Germany's refusal to sign the treaty, Mr. Lloyd George kept urging that we should sacrifice our right to occupation.

Documents of absorbing interest exist relating to this phase of the Conference, from which France will learn at some future date how much it owes to the man who then guided its destinies. All the arguments which had been brought to bear previously were again brought into play and amplified. From the 23d of May to the 13th of June, Mr. Lloyd George, supported at times by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Barnes, kept returning to this subject:

'I agreed to the occupation, it is true,' said the British Premier. 'But since then I have held four Cabinet meetings attended by our delegates at the Conference. These gentlemen are unanimous in believing that I was wrong, and that I should have given you a choice between an occupation and a Treaty of Guaranty. The occupation is unnecessary, because Germany will have but one hundred thousand troops, and both Great Britain and the United States will defend France in case of aggression. It is illogical, because Germany will not again become dangerous for fifty or sixty years; it is unjust because it will impose on Germany the burden of paying for the maintenance and support of the French army; it is ruinous, because it will absorb the surplus revenues of Germany and render that country unable to pay for reparation. It is dangerous, because it is not supported by public opinion; it is inspired by the ideals of 1851 and 1871; and it is likely to result in local incidents which will win for Germany the sympathy of the Anglo-Saxons. This is the conclusion I have drawn from my recent conferences. I do not blame you.

I blame only myself for having yielded too soon last April to your claim. If you insist I shall be forced to leave Paris and to submit the whole question to the British Parliament.'

After three long weeks of unyielding firmness, M. Clemenceau answered:

You know my policy. It is based entirely upon the intimate union of France, Great Britain, and the United States. I am being attacked for this on every side as too feeble and yielding. I am sure of my position in continuing to defend the interests of my country, and I shall remain steadfast. I am convinced that this policy best serves the welfare of my country and I shall stick to it. But you do not comprehend the French view in this question of occupation. You are on an island protected by an ocean barrier. We are on a continent with a weak frontier. My country has suffered more than any other from the acts of the Germans. We know these people better than you do.

What we fear during the years immediately to come is not a German attack; it is their systematic refusal to comply with the treaty. There never was a pact between nations containing so many provisions. There never was a treaty so open to evasion. Against these risks we must have a material pledge such as this occupation represents, and we must continue that occupation long enough to form our judgment as to Germany's good faith. In exchange for the two treaties guaranteeing us immediate assistance, I have reduced the duration of the occupation which I originally asked. But as I desire to provide for all contingencies I have also demanded — and you have consented — that the occupation may be prolonged beyond fifteen years. All this has been agreed upon.

So much for the guaranties. But we need equally during the next few years, a rampart behind which our people may live in security and rebuild their ruined country. This rampart is the Rhine. I must take account of the sentiment of my people. This does not mean that I fear I may be put out of power. That is a matter of indifference to me. But I do not want to renounce this occupation, and thereby do a thing which will destroy the spirit of hope and security among my people. Moreover, your interests and our own are identical — for France itself is also indispensable in the union of our three countries.

At the present time two roads lie before us. All the world wants peace. But in England, you think you can get that by making concessions. In France we believe in a policy of stern insistence. I am not in favor of a course which will enable the Germans to nibble away our victory. I know them too well and too long. The whole

world has been told the principles that guided us throughout the war and in making peace. We have remained faithful to them. It is our duty to insure their triumph. If the Germans feel that peace is imposed by the more powerful party, with justice on his side, upon the party who has been the aggressor, they will resign themselves to observing it.

I know that you and your colleagues are perfectly sincere in your attitude, and this is what makes the situation a serious one. I am weighing my words carefully. If you go before your Parliament I will go before mine, and in case of necessity I will resign; but I will not accept what you propose. It is an impossibility. I say frankly that I am unwilling even to discuss this double hypothesis, or to admit for a moment that after five years of warfare we find ourselves unable to agree upon a joint answer to Germany.

On June 13, these powerful, urgent, irrefutable arguments of M. Clemenceau finally prevailed, thanks to the aid of President Wilson. Mr. Lloyd George surrendered to the reasons presented by France, and became convinced that the worst possible policy for the Allies would be to permit Germany 'to nibble away our victory.' He signed the letter of reply to Count Brockdorff which, as drafted by his secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr, contained intact the clauses relative to the left bank of the Rhine.

This sensitive point, dangerous since 1917 and more perilous than ever in 1919, produced the episode of last April. What we escaped a year ago occurred at the latter date in the exact form we had reason to fear. That is an explanation, but not the whole explanation.

Bear in mind that we are less favorably situated now than we were a year ago for defending our position on this point, as we are in all matters relating to the treaty — because of Clemenceau's retirement and its results. It would be unjust to hold M. Millerand responsible for this. Any other man in his place, and facing the same conditions, would have been affected as he has been by the weight of

circumstances. The settlement which France secured in April, 1918, and defended successfully in June of the same year, was the personal work of a prime minister who had the advantage of unequaled personal authority and the prestige of presiding over the Peace Conference. Since January, 1920, we no longer have possessed either of these advantages. Within less than three months, the results of the change are visible to all.

Among the statesmen whom the Peace Conference called to Paris last year, M. Clemenceau alone, on account of his age, his past career, his power of logic, his inflexible will, and his art of persuasion, was able to propose, undertake, and carry out certain measures. Men will recall the remark of Baron Sonnino, one day when they were seeking a chairman for a commission to undertake a difficult task: 'We need a man like M. Clemenceau, but M. Clemenceau is the only man like that.' Lloyd George, intense, impulsive, but at the same time vague, yielded like all the others to the ascendancy of his French colleague. He said of him something at the first session of the Conference that he did not say of any other person: 'No other man has done so much to win the war.' He loved and honored him. During the darkest hours of the Conference, M. Clemenceau had only to appeal to the dark hours of the war to be met on common ground. This meeting of minds was not in official debates, formalized as they were by the necessity of using an interpreter, but in their intimate conversations man to man, where the brute force of argument yielded to a direct appeal to the heart, and where the fire of the old Celt, of the intractable Gaul, was able to melt his colleague from his firm British matrix and, so to speak, 'disinsularize' him.

At the same time France — although in other respects it occasionally felt the burden of its visitors — profited by being the host of the Conference, and by the fact that our Premier was its President. He was able to bring up disputed questions at the most favorable moment for securing the solution he desired. He skillfully associated questions essential to our own interests with problems where others required our support. The atmosphere of France, on the very edge of the battle-devastated regions, which Mr. Lloyd George visited frequently, brooded over the discussions. The personal contact of the masters of the Conference was direct and constant. An intimacy resulting from their association and common labors throughout a long war enabled our representatives to address themselves to those of Great Britain at any moment, to arrange in the morning the programme of the day, and to consolidate the results of the session in the evening decision. We knew then, and it was a subject of common comment, that these favorable circumstances could not last forever, and that sooner or later the Prime Minister of Great Britain would have to leave *la rue Nitot* for Downing Street. Some people complain most mistakenly that these features of the negotiations were injurious to France. Facts prove the contrary.

Since January, 1918, those conditions have changed. The headquarters for the discussion of Allied interests and for enforcing the treaty have been transferred from Paris to London. Instead of the Prime Minister of France, the Prime Minister of Great Britain presides over and directs the proceedings. Mr. Lloyd George has to employ an interpreter in conversing with M. Millerand. It is no longer possible to have short, direct, intimate exchanges of opinion. Diplomatic procedure,

with its notes and replies and other devices of delay and trickery, is now on top. For three months, Mr. Lloyd George has been without that direct association, that physical consciousness of France, which M. Clemenceau at critical moments was always able to impress upon him in two or three words. Other Frenchmen, whose intimacy acquired by months of association in identical tasks permitted them to talk freely with the English Premier, have likewise disappeared from the stage, following M. Clemenceau into retirement. There is no one to speak with the blunt frankness often necessary, no one to appraise at their true importance or unimportance the personal attacks of certain political writers, who during the past few months have unintentionally done great ill to France. The insular isolation of the British has been restored — commercial insularism, political insularism, insularism of thought, a campaign to revise the treaty. Again we are impelled to repeat the melancholy observation of Michelet: 'England is an island and that explains its whole history.'

Having considered these general conditions, let us now examine their aspects more in detail. We shall thus discover the origin of a crisis, which we can overcome more easily by knowing its original cause and its history.

Following upon our loss of ascendancy in the Conference, our first error was committed in connection with the war guilt question. No other point in the treaty offered such advantages for resisting England's desire to modify and relax the provisions of that document. It was Lloyd George himself who, clear back in 1918, made the punishment of Wilhelm II and the other guilty parties the cornerstone of his political programme. Great Britain was the country which first and foremost

during the whole Conference clamored for punishment. Its representative, Sir Ernest Pollock, was the man who, after eleven sessions of the special commission and in defiance of both oral and written protests from Mr. Lansing, risked an open breach with the United States rather than yield a particle on this point. It was Mr. Lloyd George, who, after seven sessions of the Council of Four, between April 1 and May 5, succeeded in making its findings still more severe. Had we confronted the English Premier with his own earlier position, and at the same time made him responsible for all the consequences which might ensue from relaxing any articles of the treaty, he could not have imposed upon us his later revisionist ideas. And if a disagreement on this point had become a matter of public knowledge, the position taken by France would have been absolutely correct. However, as everyone now knows, a policy of forgiving Germany prevailed.

After the question of war guilt, we had the economic memorandum. M. Millerand by two urgent télégrams succeeded in having certain passages unacceptable to France removed from this document. They never should have been there in the first place; but the views of France had not been pressed with enough vigor during the discussion at London. The change was not made until after an official summary of the first draft had been published and communicated to the press. In that draft the rights and interests of France were sacrificed disgracefully. Here again we had an unchallenged right to demand that the British Government should make a public declaration of its intention to enforce the treaty which it had signed. We secured such a statement only in the inadequate form of a change in the text of this memorandum, thus producing the

impression in Europe, and particularly in Germany, that this second incident confirmed and strengthened the movement to undermine the treaty initiated by our yielding in the case of the war criminals.

Still more serious in its effects upon Germany has been our laxness in the question of disarmament. There is no other provision of the treaty in which France was entitled to more vigorous support from Great Britain. Mr. Lloyd George himself, after complaining of the inadequacy of the military clauses of the armistice, as drafted by the Commander of our forces, was the first to propose, in March, 1920, to reject the plan of disarmament presented by the military commission of which Marshal Foch is chairman, a plan which left Germany two hundred thousand men, seven hundred and eighty cannon, and conscription—that is, the possibility of training, during the next fifteen years, three million soldiers. Our common interests on this point have never been questioned. Great Britain has always recognized that in this matter its own welfare and that of France are identical. It was a unique opportunity to act together and to insist on the literal enforcement of the treaty.

Now what occurred? So far as appears in the records of the London discussions, there is no suggestion of bringing real pressure to bear on Germany or even to prepare for an eventuality of that kind. In a note dated December 1, 1919, the Allies informed the Berlin Government that as soon as the treaty went into effect it must disband its 'security police,' and the other camouflaged military organizations formed in evident bad faith by Noske and his army advisers. From that date to the middle of the following March, the Allies never exacted the execution of this order from Germany.

Everyone knows that the treaty required Germany to turn over before the 10th of March all unauthorized military equipment, and all machinery for manufacturing arms and munitions. From January to March no formal notification was sent the latter country demanding that these measures be carried out. There is no record of a meeting of the French and English army officers between January and March, such as was held on April 13 at our army office. But this was a matter where the interests of both countries were identical, and where even if there had been a disagreement, it was inconceivable that France and Belgium should be denied the right of taking measures necessary for their common protection.

This inertia and neglect — this tacit renunciation of rights formally conferred upon the victors by the treaty — have encouraged in Germany the spirit revealed by the Kapp-Lüttwitz revolt of March 12, and permitted both Conservatives and Radicals to accumulate war supplies which ought to have been destroyed long ago. Now we have had to extend our sphere of military occupation in Germany, precisely because we neglected to be firm. Although our act is more than justified by what Germany has done, it has revived and strengthened all the distrust and latent dislike of ourselves, which the English Government managed temporarily to subordinate in 1919 under the persuasion of M. Clemenceau.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), April 21]

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

AFTER four months of parliamentary activity — jokers say inactivity — the new Chamber of Deputies discloses fairly well its mental make-up

and external features. No legislative body ever resembles exactly its predecessor. In France Parliament is a constantly changing, ever rejuvenated organ of democracy, while the administrative branch of the government is practically a continuing body. Cabinet changes occur from time to time, but the same portfolio holders remain in the wings, ready to spring on the stage the moment a new player is needed. France faces every possible kind of scarcity but one — a famine of officials.

But it is different with the Chamber of Deputies. Its membership, political antecedents, and traditions may be completely changed by an election. The Palais Bourbon people resemble a well-trained theatrical troupe, whose success depends as much upon the supporting characters as upon the stars. But the fact that a few old parliamentary stars have survived in the present Chamber does not mean that the same methods of work and the same policies guide the labors of the new body. The Chamber of 1920 is distinguished from its predecessors, during and before the war, by the remarkable youthfulness of the representatives. This results in two qualities: An enthusiastic desire to accomplish something, and emotional impressionability. It is a Chamber that has frequently applauded opposing and contradictory arguments in quick succession, because they appealed to its impulsive sympathies. It lacks that wise, Voltairian skepticism which is indispensable for far-sighted policies.

The public hoped for more action and less talking from its new deputies. That was the lesson which the war was supposed to have taught. But such a reform could have been realized by only one measure — abolishing the speakers' tribune. When a teacher would compel his pupils to work, he takes away their playthings. The Eng-

lish Parliament, as everyone knows, has never had a speakers' tribune, and the members speak from their benches. This expedites legislation and deprives oratory of part of its attraction. The speakers' tribune in France dates from the revolution. People may be interested to know that it was abolished for a brief period in the 'fifties. Louis Napoleon when he seized power had it removed. The story goes that he caused the broken marble and gilded panels which had adorned it to be piled up in a heap upon which he climbed, thus avenging himself for the insults and unpleasant truths which had been heaped upon him from that coign of vantage. When the *Corps Legislatif* resumed its sessions, it found the speakers' tribune replaced by a low platform occupied by five or six orators, who supported the government, while the deputies faced them and spoke from their benches. It became a maxim of the government to discourage long speeches. The Duke of Morny, who presided, even prohibited serving water to the speakers, in order to discourage their fluency. Jules Simon, in his *Memoirs*, mentions the historical moment when Napoleon III felt it safe to restore the tribune without endangering his rule:

In general the opposition greeted the change with satisfaction. This was particularly true of the lawyers, who felt as if they had been emancipated. We others regarded the change with mixed approval. For in fact, speaking from our desks had its advantages. Our documents were close at hand. We were surrounded by sympathetic friends and party associates. Born orators, like Jules Favre and Thiers, were again in their element on the tribune. Thiers visited the Palais Bourbon between two sessions to see whether the front of the speakers' tribune was not too high for him. It came up to his chin. But the main point in his mind was that he could again talk to the government in a fitting manner — from above, down.

This 'talking down' to the government and this joy at the elevation of

the tribune appears to inspire the Chamber of 1920, which, although its members are young and inexperienced, does not spare the Cabinet its instructions and criticisms. The same spirit manifests itself in an excessive number of interpellations, ranging all the way from important questions of foreign policy to the pettiest details of the administration. Matters that used to be settled by a simple question to the proper minister now occupy a whole session. Innumerable interpellations have been made regarding the railway crisis, coal famine, or high cost of living — for no other purpose than to enable the speaker to shine upon the tribune, to get his name before the public, or to test the acoustics of the hall. *Le Temps* estimates that since January 13, no fewer than sixty interpellations have been brought in, and that they have occupied nineteen of the thirty-nine full sessions of the Chamber. This leaves little time for discussing bills. There has been none of those general debates upon policies and principles which represent the highest intellectual effort of Parliament.

The reasons for this situation lie partly in the spirit of the times, which is impatient of theories and wants to get down to facts. But it is also due partly to the composition of the Chamber. The necessity of forming a patriotic *bloc* against aggressive Socialism wiped out for the moment bourgeois party lines. The Radicals, who formerly fought against the Centre and the Right, have become opportunists. Independent Socialists, like Briand and Viviani, vote with Conservatives, like Dubois and Barres. The divergence of the extreme Right from the Millerand Cabinet is limited to personal opposition to the Minister of the Interior. The conflict between inherited tradition and modernism in foreign policy, in which Juarés was the

mighty champion of the latter, has been reduced to a sterile antagonism between Marxian doctrinaires and the Nationalist remainder of the Chamber. The votes of confidence given the government have the peculiarity of never being seriously debated, and it would be hard to say upon what parties Millerand's Cabinet rests. Until it is overthrown the world will not know whether it is a Conservative or a Radical Ministry.

Doubtless this fact is a tribute to the personal prestige and the political skill of Millerand himself. His cool self-control, his legal preciseness and clearness, his very moderation, which betrays the strength and self-assurance of his character, give this great lawyer an unbounded authority over a Chamber seeking political guidance. A couple of riotous scenes during its first sessions threatened to make that body a ship driven helplessly before the wind on the cliffs of unpopularity. There were no skilled parliamentarians, like those of 1910 and 1914, to spring upon the tribune and allay the tempest. Above all, the compact phalanx of the Radical Socialist majority was missed; for they could always compel attention to their speaker or their minister. The only masters of parliaments and veterans of the tribune who were sure of a hearing under all circumstances were a few aristocrats surviving from the former Chambers, like Barthou, Briand, Viviani, Sembat, Paul-Bancour, and Léon Bérard. But these men are too apt to regard themselves as artists, for whom it would be undignified to mingle in this vulgar strife of personal opinions. The presiding officer of the Chamber, Raoul Pérrét, performs his duties conscientiously. But he is not a master of parliamentary law and he lacks the personal prestige of Deschanel, who could silence the most fanatical dis-

turber with a sarcastic word or a patriotic appeal. Moreover, it is a less grateful duty to call an uproarious Right to order than an uproarious Left. For it is one of the novelties of parliamentary life in France that the interjections and disturbances are not made by the Socialists but by the Reactionaries. By long usage the press platform has been on the left side of the House, because for decades that has been the most active part of the Chamber. Since Léon Daudet has appeared on the scene the situation is reversed.

This editor of *L'Action Française*, and leading champion of the Royalists, is one of the most conspicuous men in Parliament. Visitors want him pointed out along with General Castelnau, the aviator Heurtaux, and the gentlemen in the diplomatic boxes. He has a jovial, full-moon countenance, a figure of generous proportions, arms that seem too short, and wears a tightly-buttoned combative-looking jacket, with a white handkerchief in the breast pocket. Thus Léon Daudet sits as a new member on one of the last benches at the edge of the amphitheatre. No person could be more conservative than this defeated monarchist, injected by the caprice of proportional representation into a Republican assembly. He betrays nothing of the resignation which usually characterizes the representatives of a cause irreparably lost and an epoch irrevocably passed. With a squawking voice like that of a modern cabaret singer, he bawls his sarcasm to the remotest confines of the hall, and even the Socialists are utterly unable to drown him out.

Since their disastrous defeat at the last election, the extreme Radicals have become notably quieter. This is not due solely to their numerical weakness. The departure of Renaudel and Albert Thomas has deprived them of

leaders of prestige recognized by all sects of the Socialist party — at least in Parliament. To be sure, white-bearded Groussier still remains; but his dignity as vice-president of the Chamber forces him to be considerate of other parties. Marcel Cachin has flirted too much with Bolshevism to retain the loyal support of his moderate colleagues. However, his intellectual superiority and oratorical gifts destine him to be the future official spokesman of his party. The public remarks that he has recently become more moderate. But upon the whole the members on the extreme Left are far from united. During the debate upon the military occupation of Frankfurt some of the Socialists applauded the Premier, others were silent, and still others protested. Therefore, it is not surprising that the rank and file

of Socialist electors are bitterly reproaching their representatives for irresolution and inefficiency.

A similar condition exists among the Radical bourgeoisie; only it is of longer standing. The Radical Socialists reproach their leaders on account of their election alliance with the Conservatives. Their ministers in the former Cabinet do not follow the financial policy of Caillaux which was the main, official plank of Radicalism. Among the Radical Democrats are able men like Loucheur and Tardieu, as well as younger aspirants who promise likewise to become prominent in the future. Upon the whole the Chamber does not lack talent among its new members. Their fame — as an old veteran of the Chamber used to say — 'will be conferred later by the telegraph.'

[*London Economist* (Financial and Commercial Weekly) April 20]

RUSSIA'S RECOVERING INDUSTRY

ON March 14 the Moscow editor, Bucharin, who ranks with Lenin as theoretical founder of Bolshevism, delivered an address which seems to characterize well Soviet political and commercial policy in matters toward the outside world. 'Russian Communism,' said Bucharin, 'has been obliged of late to shed a great many of its unessential but too well-advertised features, and hence has arisen widespread discontent among Communists. We are accused of capitalism, militarism, centralization, industrial despotism, and many other long-repudiated evils, and in the present attempts to reknit relations with Western Europe is seen a complete

abandonment of all the proletarian illusions of 1917. In fact, the Soviet Republic proposes to surrender nothing essential. That its policy against European capitalism and Imperialism has been an unqualified success is proved by the fact that the enemy at the moment when the Red army was at its highest efficiency formally abandoned the military struggle, and by proposing to raise the blockade showed that he could even less get on without Russia's trade and resources than we have got on without his. The opposition to Western capitalism and class domination for us remains; the policy which we are now pursuing is a *modus vivendi* which in no way mitigates the

original antagonism; its aim, as far as we are concerned, is the consolidation of Communism; and trade relations with the outside world will be conducted in Soviet Russia's interest, and will not, contrary to our foes' belief, be turned into an instrument for up-setting the Soviet system.'

Bucharin added that if, following the restoration of trade, foreign capital returns to Russia, it will be assured such profits as the Moscow government contracts to give it; but that in all matters of labor treatment it will be entirely subject to the government. 'The notion of many foreigners and some Russians,' concluded Bucharin, 'that a state is to be created within the Soviet state which will absorb or disintegrate the Soviet state, and so crush Communism, is an entire delusion.'

In connection with the mission to Europe of the Commissary of Trade and Communications, Leonid Krasin, much the ablest of Bolshevik organizers, the Soviet newspapers adopt the same tone as Bucharin. The *Pravda* published, in February, Finance Commissary Krestinsky's calculations, made in 1919, to show that the post-war price rise in Europe is largely due to the elimination of Russia as an exporter; but the *Pravda* has later printed a report showing that if trade relations are resumed, Russia, without further exhausting herself, cannot for three years export more than, at pre-war gold prices, 50,000,000 rubles' worth of goods, of which flax is the chief. Against this, to prepare herself for later producing an export surplus, she will need in the next two years 750,000,000 rubles' (also gold, at present prices) worth of goods, this sum covering only the more indispensable instruments of production and distribution, 'as Russia cannot afford clothing and manufactures,

which she badly needs; while as regards food she can at most buy foreign railway rolling stock to enable her to better distribute what food she has in the South and in Siberia.'

The Moscow Council of Economy, here agreeing with a statement by Krasin in Stockholm, says that for the indispensable instruments of production the Soviets can pay at least half in gold, 'as gold plays no part in covering the present credit note circulation, and the only way of restoring buying power to the currency, which it seems, after all, impracticable to abolish, is to stop issuing more notes. This can be done now that the Civil War has ceased. Further, we must withdraw at least 50,000,000,000 rubles from circulation, a scheme practicable in view of the fact that much more than that sum is hoarded, and, therefore, practically dead. The equivalent for the peasant hoarders is instruments of production, in particular farm machines and tools, which they need.'

The Commissariat of Finance is also considering a plan for the still more profitable achievement of getting in the large hoards of gold, which are also mainly in peasant hands—the estimated sum given in January by Commissary Krestinsky (which differs materially from an earlier Soviet official estimate) is 272,000,000 rubles. According to Litvinoff's statement in Copenhagen, the Soviets are ready to transfer to foreign capitalists all the expropriated native private interests in the Ural gold mines; the output of which, since the Bolsheviks expelled the Czechoslovaks, is put by the official *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn* at only 25,000,000 a year.

The passing of paper money and of such gold as was in private hands into the hands of the peasants results from the fact that, war industries excepted,

the peasantry are the only class that produces anything worth mentioning. The Bolshevik newspapers publish striking reports on this, showing that the peasants have in great measure supplanted the towns as industrial producers, and are even on the way to create a new capitalistic industry on the lines on which capitalistic industry originally arose. Before specialized industries and railways existed, and as long as the village was a self-contained economic unit, the peasant craftsmen were famous for their skill. Later, when clothes, tools, and utensils came from the cities, this skill remained only in the so-called 'kustar' products, largely art. Since an early stage in the war, the peasants have got hardly anything from the towns — of late, nothing at all — so they reverted to economic isolation, and the village industries revived. *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn* says that this revival has taken great dimensions, and has already created a kind of petty capitalistic industry.

First, each village made its own manufactures, progressing in skill (especially in the Urals, where there were many expert Austrian prisoners) from tools and utensils to the simpler kind of machines. During this developed a certain division of labor; certain individuals, and later certain villages, specialized, creating small, factory-like organizations; villages began to trade with one another in their specialties, and, finally, they began even to supply the nearest towns. Austrian and German prisoners largely organized the trade and helped the organization of the larger concerns. 'The effect on food production,' says the journal quoted, 'was bad, because the peasants had less incentive than ever to produce a food surplus. The financial effect was that the towns, drawing not only what little food they

get, but often also what manufactured goods they get, from the villages, and having nothing but money to give in exchange, parted with their money. The *mieshetchnik* (bagman) brought to the towns flour, but he also brought peasant-made knives, forks, nails, and cooking-stoves; and he brought back only money.' In many districts are peasant manufacturing organizations on coöperative lines. Incidentally, the peasant manufacturers commandeered wholesale the telegraph and telephone wires, tore up railway tracks when they wanted steel, and used up their own iron roofing, so that the new production was not altogether a gain.

The manufacturing achievements of the moujik — even if one accepts the view of the best of modern Russian historians that the moujik is naturally a trader and a craftsman, and not a farmer — would provide a polemist with good material for championing private against bureaucratic initiative. The Bolshevik newspapers are full of accounts of the disciplining of nationalized industry, of the organization of state trusts, and of armies of labor; but these expedients, though they produce striking statistical results in individual concerns and branches, have not yet provided plentiful production, or put production on a paying basis. The iron and steel industry now comprises three great trusts, the first being of big concerns, and uniting the Putiloff, Obuchoff, and Ischora works; the second being of twelve middle-sized concerns, and the third embracing all small works. Under the trusts workmen may be compulsorily moved from one concern to another, according to material and fuel conditions. The twelve middle-sized trusted works are said, nevertheless, to have raised the number of men in employment only from 8000 to 10,000, as against 84,000 which, as independent works,

they employed in 1917. The Baltic shipbuilding and Tver railway works are stated (*Rabotchi Golös*, February 17th) to be doing only repair work. The daily working hours in the latter works, in the tobacco industry, and in many central-Russian factories, are now between ten and twelve. Such is the schedule; in fact, some factories work longer. The small output is explained not so much by inefficiency of labor as by the fact that shortage of materials and coal allows very few concerns to work more than 12 days a month. For the new labor armies a tremendous propaganda is being carried on by pamphleteers, lecturers, poets, and painters; railway bridges display giant Cubist and 'Azotist' designs proclaiming the profits of honest work, and films with the same moral are sent about the country in propaganda trains. The principle of the labor army is the release from the Red army of all skilled workmen, who are organized in battalions and put to work. A metal labor army of 8000 strong is at present repairing the railroads. That the workmen submit to this *corvée* system may excite surprise. The explanation given in the *Pravda* is that the Communist workmen are elated by their military successes, that they have regained faith in the triumph of Bolshevik ideas, and that, further, 'they are conscious of being led and drilled by men of their own class.'

The Soviet Government, since I last wrote on Russian affairs, has ordered the winding-up of the People's Bank, founded by decree of October 31, 1918, as successor to the dissolved Imperial Bank. The wording of the decree does not indicate any recession from Bolshevik principles. As nearly the whole of Soviet Russia's trade and industry, says the decree, are now regulated by the state and financed as part of the Budget, a state credit institution is

no longer necessary. Banking may still have use for the surviving minor private industries, and also for private savers; but these small needs 'no longer justify the existence of a special bank,' and the bank's work can be done by the central and local departments of the Commissariat of Finance. The decree orders the Commissariat to do this work in future — apparently making compulsory the entrusting of all moneys not hoarded at home to the Soviet officials. The assets of the People's Bank are ordered to be handed over to the Commissariat.

[*Nord und Süd* (German Conservative Literary Monthly) *April*]

EUROPE'S EASTWARD HO!

BY KARLO VON KÜGELGEN

THE border states formed from the western frontier provinces of the former Russian Empire will necessarily be provisional so long as the fate of Russia itself is undecided. We might say the same of all Europe; for no part of the Continent can return to normal conditions so long as this great storehouse of raw materials and food is locked, and the labor of the Russian millions remains idle. But this dependence on Russia's future is peculiarly marked in case of the so-called border states, these living fractions of the great Russian organism which now, instead of drawing their lifeblood out of that parent stem, are forced to isolate themselves from it. They hover over an abyss into which they may disappear at any moment.

In particular the Baltic States — Lettland, Esthonia, and Finland — are obviously so dependent upon their great Russian hinterland that their economic survival will not be assured until Russia itself has recovered. The well-known Bolshevik publicist, Joffe,

recently said that the Soviet Government would not employ force to subjugate any country, and would willingly acknowledge the independence of the border nationalities if they clearly desired it, adding that within ten years every one of them, except possibly Finland, would be forced by economic necessity to beg Russia to take it back. Was Joffe right? The answer depends partly upon whether he and his Bolshevik fellow believers persist in the economic policies they now preach.

Russia is more than ever a Sphinx, and the whole world puzzles itself in vain to answer its riddle. Only a short time ago the political leaders of the victorious nations seemed to be agreed that Russian Bolshevism must and would collapse. More recently indications have multiplied with frightful clearness and rapidity that the world expects the Bolshevik régime to endure. The destruction of the White armies of Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich, and Bermond; the negotiations with Litvinoff in Copenhagen; and finally the decision of the Supreme Council to resume trade with the Russian Co-operatives, are three long steps forward toward peace with the Bolsheviks.

When the Entente assures us that its hostility to 'bloody-handed Bolshevism' is as intense as ever, and that it proposes to resume trade only with the peaceful anti-Bolshevik population which forms the Co-operatives, it is talking such folly that respect for the intelligence of the Supreme Council bids us assume that its statement is a conscious bluff. Most people know that during the war the Russian Co-operatives attained a development unequalled in any other country. By the beginning of the revolution more than half the rural and urban population were members of distributing Co-operatives' credit unions, agricul-

tural unions, and Coöperative dairies. Most people know that these societies, with their local and departmental centres, and the Moscow People's Bank, form a vast, widespread organization engaged in almost every branch of commerce and manufacturing. More than that, the Coöperatives had succeeded in maintaining their organization more or less intact even in Bolshevik Russia. But, notwithstanding all these things, it is childish to imagine that the leaders of the Coöperatives have been able to escape the influence of the all-powerful Soviets. It is still more childish to fancy that these societies can do business with a foreign power against the wishes of the Soviet Government, which controls the army and police, the custom houses, and the few routes of communication still in use.

Consequently every man of brains knows that the bluff of the Entente merely disguises the conclusion of peace with Soviet Russia. This is the understanding of the Bolsheviks, who have celebrated the lifting of the blockade. They have a right to celebrate; for though the trade with the Coöperatives should amount to nothing, this mere announcement is a confession of the weakness of world imperialism, and precisely to the extent that this trade does revive will the Co-operatives fall increasingly into the hands of the Bolsheviks themselves.

In the same way that the Entente was responsible for the ultimate military victory of Bolshevism, by luring on the White armies to their destruction with inadequate and delayed support, the Allies seem now about to entice the last organized non-Bolshevik forces in Russia hopelessly into the maw of Bolshevism. An utterly immoral policy was pursued in dealing with the imperialist and monarchist armies of the various White generals,

from Denikin to Bermond. Russia was not to be allowed to liberate and unite itself quickly and efficiently through its Tsarist leaders. Such an outcome would have prejudiced British interests in Northern Russia and the border states. Moreover, rejuvenated Imperial Russia might easily have called for an embarrassing reckoning at the end of the World War, and possibly might have allied herself with vanquished Germany in seeking to recover what was due her. Consequently, the Allies shrewdly planned to play off the White and the Red forces against each other, allowing neither to become too powerful. France protested in vain. The heroic age of the White armies in North Russia and Siberia was soon over, and the final outcome, unexpectedly for the Entente, was an overwhelming victory for the Bolsheviks.

So England's policy of world imperialism suffered utter defeat at the hands of its Bolshevik opponents. This is not surprising, for it was a policy conceived in utter ignorance of Russia and inspired by short-sighted, selfish interests. Now it is proposed to attack the fortress from the inside, but the motives and the blundering are the same. This time it is not proposed to use the warlike White Russians, but the peaceful Russian Coöperatives, to subdue the Bolsheviks in the interest of the Entente. The champions of this policy keep thinking: we must get ahead of Germany in the Russian market! We must be masters of every highway to the East!

Germany need not excite herself in the least over this trade with the Coöperatives conceived as something distinct from the Soviets. The problem of 'Eastward Ho!' for us is affected by this single proposition: is the Entente adopting a wise course in making peace, as it now proposes indirectly to

do, with the Soviets? Is the latter organization powerful enough to make it probable that it can reconstruct Russia? Inasmuch as Bolshevism itself lacks trained minds and has no experts in any field of public service, another and more decisive question is: how can we assume that the Russian *intelligentsia*, decimated by massacres, deprived of its rights, and enslaved, will make peace with its ruthless arch-enemy, and coöperate with that enemy to restore the prosperity of the country? Is the gulf between the Bolsheviks and the Russian people unbridgeable? Or is there a prospect that the nation as a whole will make joint cause with the Bolsheviks upon a basis of mutual concessions?

When we consider the Russian army, we are inclined to answer this question in the affirmative, hateful as the reply is to our ear. The Bolshevik army has greatly improved, and, with its two millions of soldiers — although they are mostly a rabble — it is the largest military organization in the world. To create this army, and feed and clothe it, with economic conditions as they are in Russia to-day, demands a wonderful machinery. Such machinery has, nevertheless, been constructed. We find in the Communist armies fanatical adherents of Bolshevism working shoulder to shoulder with the most unpopular elements of the old Imperial army, the professional Russian officers, including men of the very highest military rank, like Brussilov and Ebert. And unless all signs fail, the Bolshevik army is becoming inspired with the thought that it is fighting for a common, national cause. There is no denying that it is largely recruited by force and that the rank and file are ready to desert. None the less it has proved to be a steadier and more loyal organization than any of the White armies opposed to it.

A perfectly consistent, popular land policy, and the coöperation of the old Imperial officers, have contributed largely to this result.

If such a union of the most diverse elements of the nation is possible under Bolshevik leadership in the army, we must admit that it is logically possible in any other field of united effort. As we all know, every man in Russia is in Bolshevik service. He must be in order to live, to get bread cards, to save himself from cruel persecution. That service has become in many instances virtually a chronic strike. Nowhere else has irredeemable paper currency been issued so prodigally as in Russia under the Bolsheviks. And the services it buys are as worthless as itself. Gigantic factories and great government offices with hundreds of clerks exist only on paper, so far as actual work is concerned, in spite of the severest kind of discipline. I mean that the laborers, operatives, clerks, and higher and lower officials, report for duty but do nothing. They merely go through the motions in order to get their pay.

A person who has talked with Bolshevik officials, who have escaped from Russia finds them in every case convinced of the inefficiency of the Soviet Government, and its imminent collapse. But when we recall that a high sense of duty never existed in Russia, and when we see throughout all Western Europe the democratic civil service, even in so strictly disciplined a bureaucratic state as Germany, exhibiting similar dishonorable indolence, waste, and theft of public property and labor time, we are inclined to consider the mushroom growth of idle and incapable committees and commissions in Russia nothing exceptional, but merely as an extreme instance of what is universal. Contrasted with this, the efficiency of the Bolshevik army is a

very significant guidepost toward future possibilities.

Russian conditions will never be judged rightly so long as we measure them by West European standards. This is particularly true of national psychology. We must impress upon our minds that the typical Russian possessed no civic virtues up to the time the Empire was overthrown. He was a good revolutionary agitator and capable of fanatical self-devotion, but he had no firm political convictions: the most revolutionary students were speedily moulded into Byzantine officials. It was the rarest thing in the world to meet a man whose political convictions would withstand government favor.

Bolshevism has gone the Tsar's government one better in ruthless subjugation of the intellect. It has crushed and extirpated the independent thinkers among the so-called intellectuals, where we ought to find, if anywhere, the free and self-reliant minds of Russia. The old government fell from lack of intellectual support. Indeed, the intellectuals surrendered themselves passively into the hands of the national chauvinist bureaucracy when the war broke out, and utterly failed to exhibit the courage and vigor needed for independent action. They proved that they did not know their own people; and they entrusted to the ignorant masses powers and functions which the latter were absolutely incapable of exercising. These gentlemen of education and character were still celebrating the glorious overthrow of the old government, when the social revolution descended like a guillotine upon their throats. Now they are eliminated; they will play no part of significance in the reconstruction of Russia. In that country the labor of the brain has been degraded and defiled; and a typesetter earns more than

does an author. Nowhere else in the world has the citizen been politically eliminated and converted into a mere tool of his masters in the way he has in Russia, where the bourgeoisie were at best but a half artificial and impotent group of aliens among their own countrymen.

It is not impossible that the Russian people as a whole, as a nation of peasants, will emerge from the bitter experiences of the war, the revolution, and Bolshevism, politically enlightened and self-conscious. But the Russian peasant is immeasurably closer to communism than is commonly supposed in Western Europe. The Russian serf had no right of property, and even to-day many peasants still cultivate their land in common. The conception of private property has not yet reached the peasant mind. A vast scheme of agrarian reform, planned by Witte and continued by Stolypin and Krivosheyn, was designed to change all this. It would have accomplished its object and guided Russia into a new era, if the war and the revolution had not intervened.

In order to obtain the faintest gleam of comprehension of Russia's probable future, we must try to submerge ourselves in the thought stream of the Russian masses, those country people who since the loss of the western border states are more than ninety per cent illiterate. Among these people we discover but faint comprehension of the party programmes of the Bolsheviks and of their principal opponents, the Social-Revolutionaries, who are even to-day the dominant party in the Russian villages.

So it is hard to say how long it will take to restore stable conditions in Russia, and to what extent those conditions will be influenced by Bolshevism. The plans of the Entente, so far as made public, are still in the air,

and if they are carried out, they will serve merely to fortify the power of the Bolsheviks.

It seems to us that Bolshevism in its original form of a world-conquering crusade has reached its climax and is disintegrating. It was untrue to itself from the beginning, and since then has played false to one dogma after another of its creed. While it was resisting war, blockade, bourgeois insurrection, and other extraordinary perils, it excused these departures from principle as transient emergency measures. Hereafter the Bolsheviks must make good in the field of practical administration, and they will soon be forced to admit the impossibility of putting their theories into practice. It is possible, however, that when the blockade is lifted and peace comes, they will seize the chance to relieve the fearful distress of the people by the first means at hand, and then try to accommodate their theories to their acts.

In addition to all this, Bolshevism, in its Russian form, has proved itself impossible in Western Europe by the example of Hungary. So far as we can see such a system will never be even experimented with in Germany or Austria. Quite true, the Spartacists, and even the Independent Socialists, may become as great a danger for Germany as the Bolsheviks are for Russia. The English labor movement may become more radical and attempt to revolutionize the economic machinery of that country. But it is doubtful whether the proletariat of Western Europe can now learn anything of value from Russian Bolshevism; and for that reason its infectious virulence is likely to grow less. Indeed, it is quite possible that the original force of the epidemic has even now spent itself in the countries which recently belonged to Russia. From

Finland to the Ukraine they have acquired, not improbably, sufficient immunity to be safe from its violent attacks. Variant forms of Socialism have developed in the latter territories, which may eventually constitute a new danger unless they likewise spend their force. But Bolshevism no longer presents itself to ignorant minds

as the sole route to proletarian salvation.

These circumstances make it of the highest interest for Germany to keep a sharp eye on the East. It is of the first importance merely to have current knowledge of what is occurring there, even though we cannot immediately apply that knowledge.

[*The London Nation* (Liberal Weekly) April 24]

ORDER AND ANARCHY IN IRELAND

THE English citizen, who depends for his view of what is happening in Ireland on English newspapers, is not likely to draw from them a true impression of what is happening across the Channel, even if he reads the news with attention. It suggests anarchy and little more. Murders of policemen figure prominently in the bill; they are varied by reprisals in which the police, now armed, like Noske's gendarmes in Germany, with bombs as well as rifles, retaliate occasionally on more or less aggressive crowds. The drama of Mountjoy prison fills him, if he be a humane man, with anger, and if the inbred respect in him for authority is strong, with contempt for an administration which blusters, hardens its heart, breaks its own prison rules, and provokes a people to resistance, only in the end to yield, and to cover its yielding with untruths. He is thrilled with the mystery of the murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork, and whether he holds the official view that the dead man was 'removed' as a traitor to their cause by a secret society, or inclines to the Irish view that the police themselves are organizing crime, as some of them did in the days of Mr. Wynd-

ham's secretaryship, he catches a glimpse of a lurid underworld of crime.

Each day has its event. The English spectator dimly sees the streets of Dublin on Easter Monday beset like a city in full revolution by troops in their trench equipment, with tanks and wire entanglements, and smiles at the dullness of Ireland's rulers as he goes on to picture the burning of one hundred and fifty police barracks up and down the land, and the destruction of half-a-hundred tax collectors' offices. He tries in vain to visualize the twenty thousand domiciliary searches with the usual insults and petty thefts on the part of the military, and the answering raids for arms in private houses on the part of the militant nationalist vanguard. Incidents come jostling across the moving screen of his memory — the successful resistance to the motor-car permits, meetings suppressed, newspapers suspended, moderate opinion outraged by the attacks on the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Cork Examiner*, labor exasperated by the ill-usage of Alderman O'Brien. Or else he thinks of grotesque episodes like the court-martial of the Australian army chaplain. He tries to realize the state of a

land in which anyone may be arrested and indefinitely imprisoned at the fancy of any Castle spy or official. He concludes that Ireland is living in complete anarchy.

This picture is only partially true. It is true to say that English law carries no further than the constable can throw his bomb. It is true that the will of the Castle has been overridden again and again, notably by the strike against them for permits and for the release of the Mountjoy prisoners. It is true that the Conquest is challenged daily and hourly in every Irish village. It is not true that society is in dissolution. The aim of the rebels is not mere sabotage. They strike accurately enough at English rule, but at the same time they are building up a polity of their own. What one does not realize from the daily press is that a strong national organization, orderly and imperious, is creating a rival Irish authority. Though it can only meet furtively, the Irish Parliament, Dail Eireann, composed of the elected Sinn Fein members, does, in fact, keep a controlling hand on the whole national movement, and passes resolutions or 'laws,' dealing with details of economic or agrarian policy, often of a constructive nature, which are respected and executed. It can give a new turn to the development of land purchase and provide for the landless rural worker, for example, more quickly than the Parliament in Westminster could do, and as effectively. Again, the Sinn Fein courts in the rural counties, though they also must sit in secret, are in fact taking their work from the King's judges, and cases are now openly withdrawn from the King's Courts to be tried in those of the republic.

Lastly, by the refusal of the transport workers to handle food exported from Ireland, the republic is apply-

ing its own measures of fiscal and economic control. It hopes to reduce prices to the Irish consumer by checking excessive exportation, and its method, though cumbersome, may turn out to be effective. Within certain limits Ireland is beginning to govern herself. The mass will obey direction, and when it acts with the unbroken unanimity of the recent strikes and embargoes, it acts with complete success. Not only is this government, it is democratic government, as no other country in the world enjoys it. Where else, without police or magistrates, does the people itself enforce and execute the decisions of the representatives it has chosen? Sinn Fein started its tactics in imitation of the Hungarian patriots who, without armed action, by the disciplined passive resistance of a people, defeated Hapsburg centralism between 1860 and 1867, and won full recognition for the legal independence of the Hungarian kingdom. No parallel in history is ever exact, but in some ways (for it lacks aristocratic leading and has for its base a much smaller fraction of the realm) we find this Irish policy a self-help even more impressive than the Hungarian precedent.

What is to be the verdict of the English spectator on this phase of Irish history? He must say, if he is frank, that our Imperial policy is not attaining its aim. It does not maintain order: on the contrary it destroys it. Such order as there is, seems to be in fact a system erected against us and in spite of us. We maintain our rule, moreover, at a moral cost which none of us, if we were the judges in another's cause, would attempt to reconcile with the general interests of civilization. We have a fairly vivid recollection of Prussian rule in Alsace and Posen, and of Austrian rule in Bohemia before the war. In none of

these three cases was the oppression and repression comparable to ours in Ireland, nor was the resistance of the subject people in any degree so unanimous or so determined. There was outward order. There were big, half-reconciled minorities. There was no secret national government. And yet it was the verdict of the Allies in all these cases that the oppression was gross enough, and the national resistance strong enough, to require the total ending of the foreign rule. However much we may hesitate to apply to ourselves the measure that we meted to Prussians and Austrians, the fact remains that we are driven to maintain our rule in doing habitually what we should condemn without reserve in others. There is growing up against us in other countries a settled hostility, fed on the spectacle of our misrule in Ireland, which one day may cost us as dear as their failure in managing alien peoples cost Prussia and Austria.

These things work subtly. No Power goes to war for such reasons, but when the clash of Imperial or commercial rivalry brings a quarrel, the settled moral condemnation works. Nor do sober men really imagine that this phase is temporary. No one, not even Sir Hamar Greenwood, supposes that Nationalist Ireland will accept the settlement which Parliament is wasting its time in dictating. It will result, as he told the voters of Sunderland, in a Parliament for Northeast Ulster, in that and nothing more. The rest of Ireland will either continue to obey its secret Dail Eireann, or else it will install Dail Eireann and proclaim the Republic in the Parliament with which the Coalition provides it. This Parliament will then be suppressed, the coercion will go on, and all the world will say of us, what we have often said of Tsars and dictators who have destroyed Parliaments.

It is useless to play with timid remedies for this complete breakdown of the Conquest, and if timidity is bad, insincerity is worse. We do not wish to see Ireland an independent state. We were never in love with the politics of the Tower of Babel. We regard the Balkanization of Central and Eastern Europe as a world disaster, and we should use every resource of statesmanship, persuasion, and negotiation to prevent the Balkanization of the British Isles. The Irish shilling might sink like the Polish mark to a farthing, and the strategical danger in the present state of the world might be even graver for her and for us than the economic risk. None the less, we have always held and said that the use of mere force to keep Ireland under the Crown is the worst mischief of all.

As we read the mind of Ireland, however, it is the use of force to maintain the connection which alone compels Irishmen to talk Republicanism. The arguments which make for the imperial connection will never tell while we drive them home with tanks and bombs. They will tell, and tell with irresistible logic, at the moment and no sooner, when we allow Ireland to decide for herself. The preliminary to that decision is that we make an end of all the exceptional machinery of coercion by which we underline the conquest. Even if outrage did not instantly cease when military government and administrative arrests came to an end, no sane man will doubt that outrage would diminish with the provocation. The first step is to suspend all exceptional laws, the next to cut down the army of occupation, and simultaneously to make a clean sweep of all the men, from Lord French to the Castle spies, who are associated with the present orgy of coercion. We would send some conciliatory non-

political personality temporarily to direct the administration, Mr. Justice Sankey, for example, charged with the single duty of making *an atmosphere of conciliation* in which sane decisions could be taken. Then let elections follow in the whole island, under Proportional Representation, to form a Constituent Assembly.

When it had got to work and chosen its guiding committee, the time would come for serious argument. The Imperial connection cannot be imposed. If it is to endure, it must be freely accepted, as the result of negotiations in which a British Government enters into treaty with an Irish Assembly. We should have to concede much, in finance, in trade, in political prestige. We might have to forego a tribute — we get none from the Dominions. We might have to bargain over a commercial convention. We might have to give, what the Dominions enjoy, a place in the League of Nations Assembly to Ireland. The relationship would emerge in the end as in effect that between two permanent allies, but the connection would by this method be freely accepted. The one fatal thing to do would be to declare at the start that the Republican solution is ruled out. If Ireland feels free to adopt that form of suicide, a dozen cogent reasons will at once begin to assert their compelling power over the Irish mind. Her mind is closed, or seems to be closed to these reasons to-day, only because we ostentatiously maintain the connection by force. British statesmen made the Ulster problem insoluble by declaring in advance that they will never use coercion to keep Ulster within a Home Rule Ireland. They make an equally grave mistake when they declare in advance that they will always use coercion to keep Ireland within the Empire. One does not threaten force,

if one knows that economic motives are alone sufficient to render force unnecessary. Ireland must be free to decide, and she must feel herself free. Only then will she bend without a sense of humiliation to the compulsion of geography and economics. A new start is imperative, but it is idle even to talk of it until this impossible bill is withdrawn, and Lord French recalled from the chaos he has made.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), April 19]

A MARCH TRIP IN GERMANY

On the 15th of March a general strike was proclaimed throughout Germany. The railways suddenly ceased operation. Only the special trains carrying home the voters returning from the plebiscite in Schleswig continued to run. The Social-Democrat governor of Schleswig-Holstein was removed by the Kapp insurgents and the conservative head burgomaster of Kiel was appointed in his place. At Hamburg an executive committee composed of Democrats and Socialists had taken over the government. At Kiel the Junkers got control after bloody fighting. I was headed toward Kiel.

The train was packed. In my compartment men were standing up as best they could. A hen in a basket shared our discomforts. Evening drew on. The train was unlighted. At Eckernford there had just been fighting, as we were told when we stopped at the station. Two hundred had been killed at Kiel. The numbers kept growing and the women in our party were terrified. The train became darker; everyone was tired. I had a seat and fell asleep. We drew near Kiel. There the number of dead was reported to be six, and martial law, it was said, had been proclaimed.

A great crowd had assembled in front of the railway station awaiting our arrival and immediately began to sing, *Schleswig-Holstein, meerumschlungen*. I learned at the hotel that martial law had not been proclaimed; and yet there was every appearance of military control. A soldier whom I questioned at the station had said: 'There were a few casualties to-day.' In truth there had been shooting and several people killed. The porter spoke under his breath, and there was little service at the hotel, for the waiters were striking. The guests were gloomy and talked in whispers. By ten o'clock the dining room was practically deserted. On the wall was a picture in a conspicuous gold frame surmounted by an imperial crown. It was Wilhelm II in jager uniform, the right hand in his belt, the left on the hilt of his sabre. It represented him standing, the right foot forward, self-conscious and challenging, as though he was about to step out of the golden frame and to reach up to take the crown. Let no one be stupid enough to doubt that the blood which has just flowed was shed directly on account of this one man, whose picture still hangs in hotels and schools and is enshrined in unteachable hearts.

I stepped out on the balcony of my room. Here and there was a solitary pedestrian; the square was practically deserted. Patrols were passing in front of the station.

On Saturday, March 13, when Mr. Kapp seized the reins of government in Berlin, the commandant of the Baltic naval station, Rear Admiral Levetzov, proclaimed himself local dictator, whereupon the working people attacked the dockyards. Two officers were killed and the garrison withdrew. Later these forces returned and drove out the workingmen whose leader, Garbe, had been proclaimed

governor. A general strike was inaugurated by the Social Democrats and Independents. On the 15th of March there was more or less fighting and growing agitation among the masses. No newspapers appeared and the only information concerning political events permitted to get abroad was circulated surreptitiously through handbills. These reports were largely fictions.

Tuesday morning I sought an interview with the commander. A crisp voice made an appointment at the telephone. It was the Admiral himself. I made my way along the wharves. The city was deathly still. No electric cars were running and but few private and military autos passed. The men upon the street conversed in a low tone. Patrols in full campaign equipment occupied every important point. Near the shore I saw a woman digging little pieces of coal out of an ash heap with a knife. The sky was cloudy and a heavy mist hung over the water. I next passed through streets lined with pretty cottages in pleasant gardens, and a pang shot through me as I thought of the change in these happy homes since the good old days before the war. Suddenly I faced a great poster on a neighboring wall. It was headed, 'Final Warning,' and contained a proclamation, signed by the Naval Commandant, threatening strikers and disturbers of the peace with summary trial and death. It was the speech of old Germany. I passed the guards at the entrance of the naval station, which was defended with machine guns. Passing through the broad corridors of the Headquarters Building, crowded with naval officers and marines, I reached the reception room of the Admiral, where I was received by one of his adjutants, who introduced himself as press representative. 'How can I serve you?' he

asked in courteous official tones. I told him my errand, saying that I had a personal appointment to interview the Admiral. I also mentioned casually that people abroad would be deeply interested in receiving authentic information regarding the purposes of Mr. Kapp and his adherents. The adjutant withdrew with an embarrassed smile, returning a moment later with a request that I wait a few minutes.

I found myself in a bare room distinguished from the other offices merely by a red carpet and a few models of war vessels. An officer sat at a desk. The only furniture was two upholstered sofas, a few old chairs and a table on which lay a circular. The latter was an 'official report' dated Monday, March 15, 3 o'clock P.M., and printed in Kiel. It told me at a glance the situation as reported by Kapp's subordinates. Among other things it stated:

Berlin, March 15, 2.30 P.M. The situation is excellent. The old government will revoke the order for a general strike, seeing that such a measure would do great public harm. Negotiations between the old and the new government have begun and are making good progress. The organization of the new government on the broadest democratic basis is to be expected shortly. It has been delayed by the order issued by the former government calling a general strike.

The Admiral's own proclamation, however, had contained the sentence: 'For example, it is also untrue that the recent government has called a general strike as a last resort. On the contrary it has expressly forbidden such a measure.'

The 'governor' of Schleswig-Holstein appeared and was received by the Admiral. I could hear the latter's loud voice thundering in the neighboring office. Evidently they were not discussing pleasant news. During the interval many odd characters appeared in the ante-room. A non-commissioned officer presented an order for

six rifles. He was followed by a tall man in tan boots, a military overcoat, and a soft hat. He bowed in every direction, smiling obsequiously and exchanging meaning glances with the officers. He desired to make 'a brief report on the situation,' and was sent to a neighboring office. He was a spy. Another brought the information that the officials were favoring the strike movement. An order was issued: 'If this does not cease the entire local government is exposed to imprisonment.' An old employee of the naval station was authoritatively informed that the workingmen had passed the word to 'do away with' individual officers and soldiers found on the street. A captain arrived and was joyously greeted by everyone. He had got through from the country. 'No one would know you.' He had shaved off his beard. Evidently the loyal partisans of the Admiral were gathering.

Levetzov, after serving as a staff officer with the high sea fleet before the war, and as commander of an armored cruiser during the conflict, concluded his service under the Empire in the general staff. How he won the confidence of the new government is not known; but when the Commandant of the Baltic Station was dismissed as a result of a monarchist proclamation which he issued last New Year's, Rear Admiral Levetzov was appointed in his place.

Finally, the Admiral's visitor left and I was beckoned to enter his office. The Commandant met me at the door and we sat down by his desk, while his adjutants drew up their chairs. In the middle of this military circle I put my questions. The new governor of Kiel started in immediately to tell of the fighting at the dockyards. 'This idiotic Garbe proclaimed himself governor! I am Governor,' he

stated emphatically. He seemed quite unconscious that the people regarded him as a usurper. In his mind it was perfectly right and proper for him to seize authority, and incomprehensible why anyone should oppose it. He felt insulted. He spoke with nervous emphasis. Meantime, I contemplated his features. He was a man in the forties, smooth-faced, in uniform — a typical sailor. Personally, he appeared a likable man, but as ignorant of public affairs as a child. He had ordered 'this Garbe' arrested, together with a couple of university professors. In speaking of these measures he commented: 'The people think that they have an infallible means of working their will in a general strike — a ruthless and despicable measure.' He then spoke of his proclamation. I wanted to know the situation of the newspapers. He replied: 'I believe the newspapers should continue publication. Yesterday their editors met me. I required them to agree to publish official orders and proclamations on the first page, and not to criticize them. They said they would consider the matter. Then the printers struck.'

But the Admiral could tell me nothing of what interested me most. I suggested that Kapp and his associates were monarchists. They might pay more or less lip service to the constitution until they were firmly seated in power, but they really intended to change the form of government. In reply the Admiral spoke less confidently. He could not say with certainty. His sources of information were very scant; for his only communication with Berlin was by aeroplanes and automobiles. He seemed to be undecided in his own mind, and I got the impression that he actually knew nothing of public affairs. Several

officers of high rank tried to excuse themselves after the insurrection failed, by saying they were completely ignorant of politics and had merely obeyed the orders of their superiors. They must have known, however, that they had broken their oath of loyalty to the Constitution; and that they were capable of thus perjuring themselves because they never really recognized the Constitution in their hearts. They were strangers not only to the Republican Constitution, the supreme expression of the nation's will, but also to the nation itself. They failed to comprehend public sentiment in this last crisis, just as they failed to comprehend it during the war. That is why they imagined they would be able to form a 'government of order, liberty, and action.' The symbols of their order, liberty, and action were spies, a censorship, and machine guns.

[*L'Opinion* (Nationalist Literary Weekly),
April 24]

A HISTORICAL DAY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

BY BERTHE-GEORGES GAULIS

At daybreak on the 16th of last March a short volley awakened the people of Stamboul and Pera. It was the prologue to a sudden leap of the British lion, by which he defiantly seized possession of the prey he had imperiously chosen. Apparently it was an act preparatory to putting into effect a treaty in which England's allies come off second best.

A few minutes later detachments of British soldiers and marines took possession of the principal government buildings, including the War Office, the Navy Office, and the Headquarters of the Posts and Telegraphs. Telegraph and telephone service ceased at once, except so far as they served the imme-

* This, like other statements issued by the new governor, was false. The editors refused outright to serve the reactionaries.

diate uses of the city's new Anglo-Saxon masters. British troops took possession of all Pera, constantly moving about in small detachments parading machine guns, as if they were staging a movie play. They were in full marching order, ready for action, continually stopping or impeding traffic along the always crowded thoroughfares, adopting the attitude of rulers alert to detect and punish without pity the slightest evidence of dissent or resistance.

English warships had their guns trained on Stamboul. Cavalry, infantry, and baggage wagons crowded the quays of Galatia. The Greek population watched excitedly, forgetting its usual timidity in face of an all-devouring curiosity. Contrasted with their attitude was that of the Turks, who withdrew sullenly and secluded themselves in their silent homes.

Was this sudden measure justified by the attitude or acts of the people? Had the residents of Stamboul and Anatolia done anything to provoke such a retaliatory stroke? Not in the least. European residents of the city are unanimous on that point, and utterly fail to understand the causes of an act of which they appreciate the danger.

At the outset a few shots were exchanged at scattered points in Stamboul. These isolated efforts at resistance were speedily suppressed. The hand of the British descended heavily upon Turks suspected of friendliness to France. They were hunted down, arrested, and summarily shipped off to Malta.

We French residents witnessed all this with stupefaction. As the real meaning of what was happening became evident, our indignation increased. Every new arrest removed someone from our circle of friends or acquaintances — from those to whom

we felt bound by those tacit obligations which one incurs toward men who rely upon his justice and honor. Consequently the moral position of the French who were surprised in Constantinople by this sudden action speedily became intolerable. Our official representatives were in an equally embarrassing position. This flagrant violation of an agreement made at the time of the armistice obviously took them unprepared. They had no reply to make to the protests which rained upon them from every quarter.

All this occurred in the glory of a Turkish springtime. The soft beauty of the skies and the calmness of the populace threw into sharp relief such acts of apparently groundless violence. The scattered volleys here and there, marking a momentary dramatic episode, soon subsided into silence. Why try to resist when there was nothing with which to defend themselves? Oriental fatalism bowed to the inevitable. Patiently the people returned to their usual pursuits.

British troops, with all the pomp and majesty of war, continued to patrol the two cities. A state of siege was declared which cut off Constantinople from Anatolia, and produced the paralyzing effect which such a measure naturally inflicts upon a great commercial centre.

The moment the British seized Stamboul, the cost of food shot upward to a point which it had not previously reached since the armistice. The granary of Constantinople was locked in its face. The channel of supply from Asia was interrupted.

About three o'clock that day a dense throng of Turks crowded around the Ministry of War in Stamboul. They were absolutely silent. Without any demonstration, they merely watched the building in obvious distress, trying vainly to understand what had oc-

curred. It seemed as though the whole population of Stamboul had gathered into that immense square in a sort of stupor. Mohammedan priests were present in great numbers. Men in turbans were intermingled with wearers of the fez. There were also many women present. The latter have now become an important element in every demonstration in the Orient. They are the propagandists of new ideas. They are the channels through which nationalism and patriotism permeate the remotest sections of the country and the obscurest strata of society.

Scattered through this throng of mute, prostrated, hopeless people, circulated watchful and sinuous emissaries, who were to carry word of this misfortune to the remotest confines of Islam. In a few hours they would be in Anatolia. A couple of days later the news would have spread to Konia, Angora, and Sivas. In a brief space of time it would be heralded throughout the regions of Bolshevik influence, extending to the Caucasus and beyond. In a few weeks all these centres of agitation will be preparing their counter-attack. Asia and Africa will again cement their union of faith. Intelligent agents will record in the retentive minds of people who do not read, the history of our blunders. These missionaries of insurrection and fanaticism come from every race and class of society. Educated and refined men disguise as beggars and outcasts, in order to spread the news apace and to prepare for bitter vengeance.

Little by little the crowd packed closer to the fence that surrounds the War Office, increasingly curious, but not openly hostile. It drew back without a murmur before the English trucks rolling up with new contingents. The silence of the throng was more impressive than boisterous protests. Their eyes glowed with sullen hatred. In the

court of the War Office, British marines stood in dense groups around their stacked arms. Inside the building other marines were stationed at every entrance and corridor with drawn revolvers. British officers in ill-temper were hurrying here and there. Everywhere one noted the confusion and disorder of a great establishment where a sudden invasion had paralyzed normal activity.

A few French officers who had just arrived met the strained and tortured countenances of Turkish soldiers and officers turned toward the rooms occupied by the military mission of our republic. These officers, embarrassed and indignant as they were, had no reply to these mute interrogations and vented their ill-humor on the British sentry whom a tactless officer had caused to be stationed at their door.

Everywhere we observe the same incoherence and surprise, the same word was on every lip. Why? We were all equally puzzled and hopeless in trying to reconcile what had just happened with what we had been telling the Turks for the whole year preceding — preaching to them reason, patience, confidence in ourselves. Our officers could not help feeling that they indirectly shared responsibility for what had just occurred. They would never have been so morally hardened as to exhort a nation to non-resistance, if they had known it was condemned in advance. Their arguments and persuasions had been inspired by the conviction that our policy was just and benevolent. What had now happened affected themselves as much as it did the Turks, and our advocates of a policy of trusting friendship were subjected to an embarrassment which they could not conceal.

When we left the War Office we met everywhere the same crowd, the same eyes, the same mute reproach. In an

upper story, the prisoners taken that morning looked down from the windows, watching the people with the disengaged air of men suddenly deprived of the power to do their duty, and not yet recovered from the shock. English marines lounged awkwardly on the benches, manifesting the same contempt for military propriety as their comrades who were spread out upon the ground. Everywhere one received the same impression of a miscarried enterprise, of an unnecessary provocation certain to do harm.

Evening came. Patrols marched heavily through the streets. Now and then a solitary rifle shot would punctuate the usual night noises of the city. An atmosphere of concealed suffering seemed to manifest itself almost physically in the silent houses, passing the bridges, mounting toward Pera, penetrating to the most distant suburbs.

During the next few days the subsequent stages of permanent occupation followed in rapid succession. Sensational arrests were made. The Turkish Cabinet disintegrated; the nerveless parliament hastened toward extinction. Gradually the physical evidences of Great Britain's military occupation became less evident. But its unseen pressure never relaxed. Every influential Turk in Constantinople or Stamboul was either under arrest or a fugitive. He was journeying toward Malta or toward Anatolia.

A brief effort at resistance in Thrace proved futile. The Turkish forces there, few in numbers and isolated as they were, could not conduct an open campaign. Again Anatolia proved itself to be the real heart of Turkey.

All intercourse between it and Europe was interrupted and for a few days this seemed the most serious result of Great Britain's act. The Governor of Sivas moved forward to the strategic front, and made his headquarters at Angora, where he issued a proclamation threatening with death anyone who touched 'a hair of a Christian.'

From Angora, couriers were sent throughout Cilicia to prevent the partisans of Kemal from taking an immediate offensive. The Nationalists counted upon French support, and wished to avoid alienating our government. They recognized the blunder committed at Marash (scene of the late Armenian massacre), and did not wish to be associated with the authors of that incident.

So far as it is possible to learn from the obscure reports arriving from Angora, the situation early in April was as follows: As soon as the Nationalists recovered from their surprise they organized their forces and continued to maintain, in spite of every obstacle, a certain degree of coöperation with the government at Constantinople. A person who is not directly familiar with Turkish conditions and customs would fail to understand how this is accomplished. The government of Constantinople receives definite instructions how to act. It is neither to resign nor to submit. It is ordered to resist till the last moment. Though virtually a prisoner, it refuses to acknowledge the validity of the British occupation. Its resistance may end in Malta. However, in spite of this prospect, it must stand firm and protest to its last breath.

[The Times]

THE BRITISH MIND: AN INTERPRETATION

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

FIFTEEN or sixteen hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Picts and the Scots kept to their own side of the Great Roman wall between Carlisle and Newcastle, the story goes that Rome allowed all these peoples one night in the year when they could say aloud exactly what they thought of Rome, without fear of consequences. On that one night, then, they crept out of the heather in droves, lit their little wandering fires, and criticized the Libyan generals, the Roman pontiffs, and the Eastern camp followers who looked down on them from the top of the huge unbreakable Roman wall sixteen hundred years ago.

To-day, Imperial Rome is dead; the wall is down; the Picts and the Scots are on this side of it, but, thanks to the Royal Society of St. George, there is still one night in the year when the English can creep out of their hiding places and whisper to each other what we think about — ourselves. No! It is safer not to criticize our masters, who tax us, educate us, and try us, and minister so abundantly to what they instruct us our wants ought to be. Since these masters of ours have not quite the old untroubled assurance of power and experience which made Rome so tolerant in the days when the Picts and the Scots lived on the other side of the wall, we will confine ourselves to our own popular and well-recognized defects as a breed.

Some of our sternest critics, who of course have always been of our own

household, say there never was such a thing as the English race — that it is at best the intolerably insolent outcome of ancient invasions and immigrations, freshened with more recent Continental jail deliveries. Far be it from me to traverse these statements. I give them on no less authority than that of the late Mr. Daniel Defoe, a liveryman of the City of London, and author of *Robinson Crusoe* and a pamphlet called *The True-born Englishman*. He deals with the English very faithfully — so faithfully that, in deference to the susceptibilities of other peoples, I will not give his account of an Englishman's pedigree. But, in his summing up of the true-born Englishman, he says:

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction
In speech, in irony, in fact a fiction,
A metaphor intended to express
A man akin to all the universe.

In that last line Defoe, I think, has slipped into a blessing where he meant to curse; for 'a man akin to all the universe' cannot be wholly vile. He must have some points of contact with humanity; and the Englishman has had several. The Phœnicians taught him the elements of shopkeeping; the Romans taught him love of sport by hiring him to fight beasts in their arenas. Under the Heptarchy he studied social reform, which in those unenlightened days consisted in raising a levy on capital to buy off the heathen of the North Sea from taking direct action against English industries. He next took a three hundred years' course

of colloquial and law French under eminent Norman teachers. He did not learn the language then or since, but it left him with a profound respect based on experience for his neighbors across the Channel, and a conviction, which time has deepened, that they were the only other people in the world who really mattered.

For five hundred years his domestic and foreign policy was largely controlled by Italian, French, and Spanish, with occasional Austrian politico-ecclesiastical authorities, who tried to teach him that 'this realm of England' was but part of a vast international organization embracing, instructing, and protecting all the world. He escaped from these embraces only to be subjected to the full rigor of the Puritan conscience, which was then largely directed by gentlemen from Geneva, Leyden, Amsterdam, and the Low Countries. While thus employed he was, under pretext of union, finally and fatally subjugated by the Scots. A few years later he embarked on the swelling tide of party politics in all their purity, since when he has rarely been allowed to look backward — and never forward.

I submit that such a nightmare of national experiences would have driven an unmixed race to the edge of lunacy. But the Englishman, like a built-up gun-barrel, is all one temper, though welded of different materials, and he has strong powers of resistance. Roman, Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hollander, Hanoverian, aristocracy, middle-class, and democracy, each in turn through a thousand years experimented on him and tried to make him to their own liking. He met each in turn with a large, silent toleration, which they each in turn mistook for native stupidity. He gave them each a fair trial, and when he had quite finished with them, a fair dismissal.

As an additional safeguard he built up a social system divided into watertight compartments, so arranged that neither the water of public panic nor the fire of private revenge should sweep his ship of state from end to end. And if, in spite of all this, the domestic situation became too much for him, he could always go to sea and there seek or impose the peace which the Papal Legate, the mediæval trade union, or a profligate Chancellor of the Exchequer denied him at home.

And thus, gentlemen,—not in a fit of absence of mind,—was the Empire born. It was the outcome of the relaxations of persecuted specialists, men who for one cause or another were unfit for the rough-and-tumble of home life. They did it in search of rest and change, much as we go for summer holidays, and, like ourselves, they took their national habits with them. They did not often gather together with harps and rebecks to celebrate their national glories or hymn their national heroes. When they did not, like ourselves, take them both for granted, they generally denied the one and tried to impeach the other. But, by some mysterious rule of thumb magic, they did establish and maintain a reasonable peace and security among simple folk in many parts of the world, and that without overmuch murder, oppression, or torture.

It may be that the success of the English was due to their imperturbable tolerance. A breed that has been persecuted, or what comes to the same thing, bored by every persecuted refugee to whom it has given asylum, learns to tolerate anything. Their immensely mixed origins made them, too, in a real sense, akin to all the universe, and sympathetic in their dumb fashion toward remote peoples and strange gods. Above all, their long insular experience of imported brain storms had

taught them the wisdom of the old proverb — that men should not try to do better than good for fear lest worse than bad might follow.

There has been a good deal of worse than bad in the world lately. Our national weakness for taking the easiest way till the last possible moment, sooner than inconvenience ourselves or our neighbors, has been visited upon us in full measure. After ninety-nine years of peace there came a day when the English were given less than ninety-six hours to choose whether they would buy a little longer peace from the heathen in the North, as their fathers had bought it, or make peace with them, as our King Alfred had made it. As a race they had forgotten how to say 'No' to anyone who said 'Yes' in a sufficiently loud voice; they had quite forgotten that they had broken a church, killed one king, closed a Protectorate, and exiled another king sooner than be driven where they did not desire to go. But when their hour came again they decided once again, and once again by instinct, to go their own way; for, once again, they had prepared nothing, they had foreseen nothing. They had been assured that not only was there no need for preparation against war, but that the mere thought of it was absurd, where it was not criminal. Therefore, through the first two years of the war, it was necessary to throw up a barricade of the dead bodies of the nation's youth behind which the most elementary preparations could be begun.

Though there had been no such slaughter of the English in all history, the actual was no more than a large-scale repetition of national experience in the past. If an Elizabethan statesman or adventurer had returned to England during the war I think in a very short time he would have been able to pick up his office work where he

had dropped it. His reports and his maps would have been enlarged, but otherwise he would have been surprisingly abreast of the situation. Where the old English influences had struck deep the world over, he would have seen help and comfort hurried up to the fronts the world over without count or reckoning — without word or bond to limit or confirm them. Where the old alien influences, that he knew so well, had persisted, or where new influences inspired by the old were at work, he would have seen, as he would have expected, every help toward this war denied, withheld, or doled out piecemeal at a high price. He would have recognized that what held firm in the days of the Armada held firm at Armageddon, that what had broken beneath his hand in his time was rotten in ours.

Allowing for a few minor differences of equipment, he would have felt like any sailor or soldier returning to some bitterly familiar job of sea patrol or trench life between 1914 and 1918. Like those men, he would have taken for granted very many things on which other races might have wasted valuable time and thought. Our stories of Coronel, Zeebrugge, of the battalions of county regiments not a year old who died to the last man, as a matter of routine, on the front that they were ordered to hold, would have moved him no more and no less than the little affair of the late Sir Richard Grenville off Flores in the *Revenge*. That troopers of yeomanry in Mesopotamia, picked almost at random, could, single-handed and within a few days, by sheer force of character, conciliate and control turbulent Arab villages, would have amazed them no more and no less than any story of Panama or our first venture round the globe told by any follower of Sir Francis Drake or some forgotten captain of that age.

Being of the breed, he would have known the breed and taken the work of the breed for granted.

And herein, as I see it; lies the strength of the English — that they have behind them this continuity of immensely varied race experience and race memory, running through every class back to the very dawn of our dawn, which unconsciously imposes on them, even while they deride standards of achievement and comparison, hard it may be and a little unsympathetic, but not low, and, as all earth is witness, not easily lowered. That is the reason why, in things nearest our hearts, we praise so little and criticize so lavishly. It is the only compliment that an Englishman dares pay his country. As you know, these standards do not appear on the surface, or in men's mouths. When they do they are mostly translated into terms of sport or the slang of various games, but where the English deal with each other or the outside world in earnest, those standards are taken for granted, and it is by the things which we take for granted, without words spoken, that we live. It was taken for granted by all concerned during the war that every day was St. George's Day on one or other of our seven fronts.

And now we, and our kin after the great years, are sick, shaken, and dizzy — like all convalescents a little inclined to pity ourselves, a little inclined to live on invalid's slops as long as possible, and more than a little inclined to mistake the hysteria of convalescence for signs of new life and thought. But here, also, instinct tells us that our national past has dowered us with a sufficiency of ballast to navigate through whatever storms (or brain storms) may be ahead. We are threatened with several. One school of thought, Muscovite in origin, holds, as the Danes did twelve hundred years

ago, that rapine and scientific torture will elevate our ideals, which up to the present have only taught us to do our duty to God and our neighbors. Others again are content to work for the organized bankruptcy of all things that are of good report, as well as for the systematic betrayal of our friends, very much indeed on the same lines as people used to panic after a crusade or a visitation of the plague.

We are further promised an unparalleled outbreak of education guaranteed to produce a standardized state-aided mind. The church evolved a parallel system in the Middle Ages which, much to her surprise, produced the Reformation. Lastly, lest we should ever again lapse into pathetic contentment, the breed — which organized at a week's notice to achieve the impossible and achieved it, by earth, sea, and air achieved it — is as a reward to be ruthlessly reorganized in every detail of its daily life, walk, and conduct. This great work was begun by William the Conqueror, A.D. 1066, and has been before committee or commission ever since. Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hollander, Hanoverian, aristocracy, middle-class, and democracy have each in turn tried their fleeting hand on 'the man akin to all the universe.' From each in turn he has taken what he wanted; he has given them each a fair trial, and when he has quite finished, an equally fair dismissal.

What will he do in the future? We are too close to the dust of the main battle to see clearly. We know that England is crippled by the loss or wastage of a whole generation. Her position from the civil point of view is that of our armies in the worst days of the war — that is to say, all leave is stopped for every man who can stand up to his job, no matter how sick or stale he may be; and there is un-

dreamed-of promotion for untried men who, merely because they are not dead, will have to face heavier responsibility, longer hours, and criticism that will certainly not grow milder as the years pass. But no miracles have occurred. This world, which some of us in their zeal to do better than good have created, and which we must all inherit, is no new world, but the old grown harder. The wheel has come full circle. The whole weight of that world at the present moment lies again,

as it used to lie in the days of our fathers, upon two nations, upon England and France. The sole force which, under God's good providence, can meet this turn of our fate, is not temperament, not opportunism, nor any attempt to do better than good, but character, and again character—such mere ingrained, common-sense, hand-hammered, loyal strength of character as one may humbly dare to hope fifteen hundred years of equality of experience have given to us.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

THE ROMANCE OF A FANTASTIC PRISONER

BY LUDOVIC FORTOLIS

In the year 1700, on the site of the building now numbered 86 Quai de la Mégisserie, then the Quai de la Ferraille, there stood one of the oldest prisons in Paris. Close by the Arche Marion, through which the cows and sheep of the metropolis had access to the Seine, the prison of Le For-l'Evêque reared its walls of stone.

From its narrow windows could be seen the Quai de la Ferraille itself, pulsating with life, strewn with old iron and the wicker baskets of the flower merchants and the bird sellers, and across the stream, above the laden barges of the fish sellers, rose the pointed towers of the Palace of Justice.

Happy were the prisoners able to enjoy such a view, for this fact bore witness to their not being of the same clay as the offenders against the common law who lay miserably in dungeons below the ground level.

A little apart and above these

dungeons were many rooms, some intended for single prisoners; others intended to house a handful of *pensionnaires* living together. Now, whilst the rogues in the lower dungeons were badly fed and lodged, the inhabitants of the upper stories, who had private means, lived well, had their suppers brought from good restaurants, and gave little dinners to their friends—in fact, life at the prison was almost enviable. To tell the truth, the prison housed no redoubtable villains. Outside of a few forgers and women of easy virtue, the guests were 'indiscreet' pamphleteers and debtors. It is in this last category that one must place Lord Massareene, the hero of this extraordinary adventure.

If it is the fashion, in these days, for a young Frenchman to complete his studies in England, it was even more the fashion, in the eighteenth century, for a young Englishman to come to

Paris for his *belles manières*. All went well when these lads were kept in charge by some serious-minded tutor, but there were visitors who became bored with the conventional show, and sought relief in the gay taverns of the Palais Royal. A young 'milord' loose in this harum-scarum world, was almost certain to fall into the hands of Parisian adventurers. Champagne, mistresses, and a nose for gambling led to many a downfall. Sometimes the unlucky visitor obtained a quittance of his debts from his ambassador, and went home to breast the paternal thunder; more often, however, he temporized, and gave short-term notes to his creditors. And thus things would continue until his creditors clapped him in the Forl'Evêque and bade him raise the money from his family.

Such was the adventure, at once pitiable and banal, which led to the incarceration of Lord Massareene on March 10, 1770. And now comes the curious part of the story. This peer of Ireland, who was wealthy enough to pay his debts a thousand times over, refused for *nineteen years* to give one penny to his 'infamous creditors.' He even worked a subtle vengeance on them, for his wealth made his life at the prison an existence worthy of an Epicurean dream.

But let Lord Massareene himself speak. To another Englishman, also arrested for debt, the peer spoke in these terms.

'Well, my dear fellow countryman, what unhappy adventure has landed you in our midst? As for me, I am dean of the chapter here, I have become a philosopher like Seneca, and happiness exists everywhere for the sage. I live as happily as a king, and I would live here a hundred years rather than give a penny to those dogs of my creditors,

'As for poor P—— (another English debtor) his stoicism is not yet so tempered that he can make an Olympus out of this dark Caucasus. He laments from time to time, but with the aid of good wine, good punch, and some lovely nymphs who come to help us philosophize, I have kept up his spirits, and he is learning to bear misfortune.

'To-day is a day of fête for us. Will you kindly do your best to be gay? I do not permit sadness to hold my friends in her melancholy empire. Come, my Lord, I shall show you some philosophers of my school, there is plenty of good company here, and folk far more honest than their jailers.'

And with these words, Lord Massareene led the newcomer to his apartment round whose richly-decked table sat the prison's best company. When the repast had been served, the obstinate peer of Ireland rose and again addressed the new guest.

'Sir,' said he, 'it is the custom here for each guest to make a candid confession of the causes which led to our having the pleasure of receiving him. To encourage him we are all ready to tell the tale of our disgrace. Open avowals lead to intimacy and friendship. So, my Lord, prepare your account, for here is mine. Women, wine, gambling, the devices of scoundrels of many kinds, my own follies — these are the things which thrust me behind these walls. But the people who put me here have cut off their noses to spite their faces. Thanks to my philosophy, I get along very well, and I hope to make them lose patience.'

As it was, the creditors of the noble lord were put to a rude test. Weary of addressing letters to him which he never deigned to answer, they petitioned the Procureur Général in the following terms:

'To permit this milord to see only those persons who are necessary to the management of his affairs, and, above all, to exclude all persons of the feminine sex. For if this milord can find people to amuse him, he will give no thought to his creditors.'

Vain request. Perhaps because he had a certain regard for his fantastic prisoner, perhaps because he knew Lord Massareene's creditors to be rascals, the Procureur made no attempt to limit the prisoner's guests. And so Lord Massareene continued to live joyously until the day he attempted an escape.

I shall not go into the details of this tragi-comic adventure. It is enough to say that the poor milord, betrayed by two valets whom he had bribed, was arrested at the prison gate. Thrown into the subterranean cells of the commonality, he underwent rude experiences. Deprived of his three servants, without light or heat, he complained that his food was thrown to him as if he were a 'wild animal.' He finally requested his ambassador to intercede for him. A month later, to the crushing despair of his creditors, Lord Massareene was once more allowed his 'rooms,' and once more he enjoyed the full amenities of life.

In 1780 the prisoners of the Forl'Evêque were transferred to the prison of La Force, a much better place. Lord Massareene congratulated his friends on their change of residence.

At La Force he kept open house, and even married the sister of one of his fellow prisoners. The *ménage* of husband and wife and brother-in-law proved a huge success. And thus the years passed, one by one, bringing up the storm of the revolution.

Lord Massareene, hoping that a general uproar might help him to liberty, made several revolutionary addresses to his fellows.

On the 13th of July, 1789, as the prisoners were gathering in the open court of the prison, Lord Massareene proposes a break for liberty. To the demand for arms he replies by pointing to the balustrade of the stairway. His advice is acted upon, the stairway is torn apart; our men are ready for the attack. But the commander of the prison guard, warned of the revolt, comes upon the scene, and warns the mutineers that they will be shot if they do not obey.

'Well, enough,' the answer is, 'but remember the law states that in such a contingency, it is you who must satisfy our creditors.'

The poor man, quite at sea, hesitates. The revolt gathers power; crash go the doors, and out into the sunlight of the open street, stream the prisoners of La Force.

But whither? Lord Massareene proposes the English embassy, and thither he goes, accompanied by six fellow debtors. In a few minutes we find them at the Duke of Dorset's, who receives them courteously and urges them to take refuge at the Temple, then a kind of sanctuary for debtors tracked by too grasping creditors. The offer is accepted; carriages from the embassy carry the six to the refuge. There Lord Massareene, true to his traditions, offers his companions a magnificent repast.

A little obscurity now intervenes. Lord Massareene leaves the Temple, and prepares to go to England. Did he pay his creditors the 376,732 livres which he owed? We hardly think so, as efforts were made to arrest him at Calais.

Safe at Dover, he was the first to leap from the vessel. Falling upon his knees he kissed the earth and cried out thrice, 'God bless this land of liberty!'

Such were the adventures of an Irish peer in eighteenth-century France.

[*Land and Water*]

ON A VOLCANIC ISLAND: A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

AMBRYM, NEW HEBRIDES, *December 7.*

THIS letter will at least be begun under peculiar circumstances. Please note, I am in hourly (even minutely or secondly) expectation of being invaded by a pestilential and mortiferous flow of lava from a volcano. Let me try to explain.

The eruption began yesterday morning. I spent last night sitting on a camp-stool on the sand watching the finest sight that man could wish to see. It was bright moonlight. The surf was thundering on the reef in a broad patch of gleaming white. The bush fire roared and howled, and the big trees were crashing down. The gullies full of hell looked like gigantic fiery serpents creeping down to the sea, twisting about for their prey. And there was I, smoking a comforting pipe, drinking my whiskey and water, and quite unable to realize that I was in any kind of danger. My boys were in a blue funk, and but for the sight of a Winchester would have escaped by swimming. I wanted them to stay because the natives in the village are inclined to be fractious and attribute the eruption to observations which I had made of the summit of the volcano two days ago. I do not know whether my boys will fight if necessary; I am afraid not, but they're jolly well going to stop and have a share in all that's going. Fortunately they, none of them, come from this island, and are, therefore, just as much disliked by the villagers as I am, and perhaps more so. For this reason they may prefer to remain with the man who has got the gun. This supervision of my camp is the only worrying part of what might be a most interesting situation, full of possibilities. You

see I do not like to sleep at night. Were it only for the volcano and the niggers of the village I should enjoy a peaceful rest to-night. If the lava comes, it comes, and I cannot stop it. I know the New Hebridean too well to fear that he will attack me by night. He is too much afraid of the devil to venture out. But my curs are so frightened that they would go and drown themselves in the sea just to spite me. And then who would carry my baggage?

ISLAND OF PANMA, *Friday, December 12.*

I have been having such a time. I should not care to go through it again for a good deal. Ever since I stopped this letter on Sunday last I have been running and dodging that beastly volcano. Fortunately, I did it with conspicuous success, and have brought myself, my boys, and my baggage safely to this small island, with thirty miles of sea between us and that hell from which we escaped. The only ill result is that I have got dysentery, but I am comfortably installed in the house of a very decent missionary and being properly doctored, so I hope that I shall get off lightly. Now to go back a bit. I cannot hope to give you a lucid account of all that has happened. Much of it has been simply a nightmare.

When I left off on Sunday I was watching the creek and wondering whether the lava would come. Well, it came. About eleven o'clock in the morning I spotted it with my telescope coming and coming fast. There was only time for desperate remedies. I reckoned that the lava would reach us in about an hour, perhaps less. I ordered tents down and everything bundled into bags and the caravan to move off toward A—. The natives thought I was mad, as the fire had been coming down there since Satur-

day. However, I drove them on *vi et armis*. I had surveyed that creek and I remembered its formation. There was the possibility that the lava-flow had got blocked and had not yet reached the sea in very large quantities. So on I went, and much to my relief found that my prognostications were correct. There was only a small stream of lava coming through, and by dint of walking in the sea up to our necks and swimming a bit we got across. The seawater was terribly hot, and the surface of it inches deep in hot pumice-stone, but we got through. And then for three miserable days the game went on. As soon as I reached what I thought was safety, a fresh outbreak would occur. New craters were apparently opening everywhere on the mountain, and there was no safety. I and my boys were dead-beat. We had been overtaken and met by hordes of bush natives flying anywhere, naked and mad with fright. The shore was a foot deep in ashes mixed with dead and boiled fish, turtles, birds with their feathers burned off, and other cheering road material. The natives that we spoke to told stories of awful happenings to white men's stations, loss of life, and so on. I began to despair of ever getting away. Each night I kept watch myself for the chance of a boat, but it was not till Wednesday that the chance came. It was about midnight when I thought I heard the 'teuf-teuf' of a launch a long way out. I set fire to a whole tin of kerosene and shot off the nine shots of my Winchester. And the launch came in. It was my old friend G—— going back to his home on Panma after having been out three days saving people higher up the coast. There was an awful swell on, but G—— is a sailorman, and after about two hours' struggle we got my caravan safely on board and headed for Panma. Half an hour later his benzine gave out, and

we had to beat up against a head wind, taking eight hours to cover about twenty miles. But we arrived. G——'s house was full of refugees, so I walked round to the mission station and dropped. I was absolutely finished and done and could only lie like a log. However, bar the dysentery, which I hope is only going to be mild, it is over. The place is full of folk who escaped earlier in the week. The wreckage has been fearful. One place where I was surveying about three weeks ago there was a large trading station with nice house and garden, a big missionary hospital with about sixty patients, and three or four native villages. Of all this now there is nothing to be seen. Everything buried thirty feet deep in lava. You remember my big basket that went to Cairo with me and has since been round the world? Well that has gone, and with it all my clothes (except camp clothes), fifty pounds in good red gold, and my dispatch-box full of papers. Of my boat (cost £100) I have heard nothing, but I fear it will have gone. I used the place as my headquarters, but, fortunately, as I was out in camp I had got nearly all my stuff with me. The loss is a distinct bore, but I might have been frizzled up myself, so I suppose I ought to be thankful.

You say that you would like a tramping tinker's independence of time. But how could anyone in England disregard time? One may not have to catch the 5.34 to keep an appointment at 6.11, but everyone is bound just the same. Here—to the natives, at any rate—time is less than nothing. Of course, on a plantation one has *heures fixes* for beginning and finishing the day's work, but that is all. Even the white men after a few years of island life become extraordinarily vague about time. Up till a short time ago my natural stodgy fussiness made

me rave about the slackness of people here. Now I am beginning at least to tolerate it. I am bitten by the lotus. (That is not really a 'mixed' metaphor. The juice corrodes.) Time is getting more and more for me to be considered merely as a convenient index of natural instincts, but in no way a governor of them. I thought that among the Dagoes I had found the depths of artistic procrastination. Here, however, people have promoted procrastination from an art to the grade of an instinct. A small example: Some years ago X Y Z at Ringdove Bay had a bright idea for saving time on the plantation by using a cart for bringing in cocoanuts instead of the usual bag on a Kanaka's back. After months of thought he ordered a cart from Sydney. It duly arrived and was landed on the beach. Obviously, roads had to be made before the cart could be used. That cart (or its remains) is still on the beach where the steamer people left it. The inter-island trading vessel captains, when asked to fix a date for coming to collect copra, can never get more definite news than the probable number of weeks — and they are never right in their guesses even then. Even the Sydney steamers — with a printed time schedule — are just as bad. The Messageries Maritimes boat is already six weeks behind her scheduled time this year. One trip she makes up a week and comes to catch everybody unprepared, with no 'boys' to unload cargo. (The work is done in Epi by bush tribes, who come down for the day.) The next trip she will be a week late, and the 'boys' will have all got tired of waiting and gone home. Just imagine such methods in England!

Have you ever lived among goats? In two places in these islands I have camped in goat-infested parts — goats which have gone wild from some

planter's herd. I have heard them and seen them in the bush at night. You would n't believe how extraordinarily human they look when standing on their hind legs to chew bark, face peering round a tree at you in the moonlight. There was one old Angora (white) billy in particular on an island named Lanour who would have passed as a satyr anywhere. He looked positively ghastly in the bright moon. You can imagine the effect of such apparitions upon superstitious peasants in ancient Greece. The natives here hate wild goats, and would n't dare shoot one for any money, although they will eat them fast enough if a white man shoots them.

When I was in Vila two enterprising fellows ran up an iron shanty and installed a cinematograph with the idea of astonishing the Kanakas at a dollar a head and making a fortune. The first night a few natives rolled up and were not in the least impressed. 'Something b'long white man,' was the contemptuous verdict, and the promoters had to declare themselves bankrupt in a month. My heart rejoiced exceedingly. It is the unemotionalism of the Kanaka that makes me like him.

There are rumors of strikes and civil war in Australia, and, in consequence, steamers are not being loaded. I suppose our scanty supply of provisions will be cut off altogether. At present flour is the only thing that I must import for myself. If it came to a pinch I could make a kind of flour from maize, but the bread is rum stuff. Germans might like it. I make my own bread, butter, and cheese. I have plenty of fowls (thanks to an incubator), goats, of which I share a herd with a neighbor, and there are enough cattle at Ringdove Bay to keep us going for two years. We have not started seriously to consider ourselves besieged yet, so we have accumulated supplies.

August, 1912.

A week ago I firmly made up my mind to leave the islands by the first boat and never, never to come back to them. That was because I had fever, and had it badly. I had had several goes of ordinary malaria, but that only lasts a few hours and is nothing. This was a sweet variety known as 'bilious intermittent fever.' It was n't intermittent, but it was very bilious. My temperature was over 106° at intervals for five days, and all the time I could feed on nothing but water. For two days I was alone, as it came on at the week-end. I can tell you it was lovely. I was alternately shivering with cold, burning hot, and then soaked in sweat. I dare n't get out of bed to get dry clothes for fear I should never get back again. I really thought I was going to peg out at one time. I kept wandering away into unconsciousness and then back again to the wet bed. I am just getting over it now, and with the departure of the fever more reasonable counsels have prevailed. This bilious fever is never so bad as at the first attack. There is nothing worse except 'black water,' and that is not very common. Dysentery one can guard against.

I am feeling so disappointed. I had looked forward to such a lot. I can't quite describe to you what I expected to find in the South Seas (you know how indefinite such feelings are), but I am sure I have not found it. I tell myself over and over again that these are not South Sea Islands at all, that I must wait until I have seen Tahiti, and Aitutaki, and the Marquesas. I repeat to myself *ad nauseam* that when I see those islands I must be free from sordid cares, free to do nothing or anything that pleases my fancy.

Some missionaries insist on the horrible doctrine of equality of races, and put their doctrine into practice. I

heard of one of them who went to stay in Auckland with a parson there, a quite decent man and his wife. The missionary brought with him a pet native teacher. The Auckland parson's wife naturally arranged that the 'teacher' should feed in the kitchen with the other black servants. But no. The missionary insisted on his 'brother' sitting down to dinner with the whites. The parson's wife, however, was even with him. When they were about to retire she remarked sweetly to the missionary: 'We're so very pressed for room, Mr. X—, I'm sure you won't mind my putting dear Mr. Mapuna in with you. It's a large bed.' The man who told me said the missionary's mug was worth a long drink to see. Next morning 'dear Mr. Mapuna' was dispatched on urgent business up-country.

... You say that you have got anarchy; so have I. The etymology of our complaints, however, is not the same. I contracted mine from an attack of freedom, you yours from a taste of slavery. The results and manifestations are very similar. It is not law and order I so much fear as interference; I must be perfectly free to be good and bad alone, so long as I do not interfere with my neighbors' goodness and badness. The thought of the militarism that reigns supreme now and the Socialism that will be the inevitable sequel in England makes me rave, see red, and become a conscientious objector to allowing any bureaucrat to remain alive. Freedom attracts me more than anything in the islands. We have laws and conventions and King's regulations here, but unfortunately the executive must be practically absent. I cannot commit many violent murders here without being brought to book. I could commit a very large number of quiet poisonings without anyone being the wiser. Up to the present I have

felt no such sporting desires, but I can do hundreds of things that you cannot. I am free from a thousand shackles which you obediently and all unconsciously wear and which chafe you.

An Australian aboriginal half-caste came to Epi about three years ago and tried to start a union among the Kanakas, but met with no success whatsoever. The Kanaka is, above all things, an individualist. 'Me feller wanta work: s'pose Jack 'e no wanta work all right; 'im 'e business b'long Jack.' The gentleman retired to the more congenial atmosphere of Norfolk Island.

I wish I could have you with me for a few months.

Even from what you could see with Lamaru as a centre you would get enough for a year's writing. I'd guarantee to keep you free from malaria if you came in May and went away at the end of October. I have got this place so cleared now that it is only in the bad season that the Anopheles mosquito appears. In the wet season the water lies thick everywhere and one cannot stop the brutes from breeding. I'd have a small cutter *à la* houseboat moored just inside the reef, and to make an assurance surer, you and I would sleep on that. It would be too hellish hot there in the daytime, but the Anopheles only appears after dark, like the swine she is. Just think of a full tropical moon, the water like glass, admitting a view into its depths for all the world like one of those kaleidoscopes of our childhood; every now and then a fish leaping out of the still blue and its splash echoing all around: on the shore a few natives monotonously chanting, 'Lilio, Liliou, Lilio,' while one of them beats very quietly, very rhythmically and persistently on a hollowed bamboo; on the reef coconut-leaf torches flashing as the

night-bird natives fish. Turn it over in your mind and see whether the 'prose' to be amassed outweighs the cons.

I have recently had as 'labor' some real bushmen from Santo, naked and unashamed. They were refugees from a big cannibal raid, and escaped to the sea and on to the first recruiting ship that turned up. They cannot talk a word of *biche-la-mer*, and I conversed with them in signs. The other day when visiting them — the poor brutes have all gone down with dysentery — I found in their hut a perfectly made Pan's pipe. I know most native instruments, but had never seen this. I held it up and looked a question. One old man got up smiling and began to play it and danced their stampado — and if he did not look like a satyr, I have never been to the British Museum. One other curious little point. I noticed that when I was medicining them a man invariably shifted his position so that I was at his right hand. Sometimes this irked me, and I tried in vain to shift him. My boss boy, a very superior fellow, told me that in heathenish Santo anything that comes to you from the left-hand side is 'No good too much' — sinister, in fact. A bit odd, isn't it?

My mind still turns to the Cook Islands and to an islet in the Aitutaki Lagoon in particular. These islands are gloriously healthy. One could be as much isolated as one wished. Moreover, H — tells me that they are excellent from the island trade point of view; scenically they are, I believe, a first-rate article. But what rot I am talking! Fancy you at your time of life (do you remember Herbert Campbell?) — fancy your position, tradition, and estates being thrown into the pot to make a life. Fancy X — not having the educational advantages which his ancestors of the most remote genera-

tion. had. Fancy his not having the chance to wear a pink, yellow, and magenta cap or to know cricketers' initials. Fancy, too, his missing the chance of being inscribed in the State Register as 'X.P. 43218, bred by A.G. 9172, out of V.L. 92365, previous education *nil*, home influence unsatisfactory . . . male parent twice convicted of eating mustard with bacon, breach of Reg. L.P. 4271, female once convicted of Breach 114 (hygienic female). Offense aggravated by her declaring that "She would see the Commonwealth in hell before she would wear flannel nightgowns." Memo.—Child to be removed and attached to State Institution B.R.Y. 67, to be trained as hairdresser. . . .' Fancy! He would stand a chance here of becoming a man instead of peripatetic chemical reaction.

Life in the Pacific is pretty much the same everywhere; and, mind you, I talk with people who know, and not with journalists and novelists. I spent a month surveying with a man who was for many years in Raratonga and afterwards in Tonga Tabu, whence he eloped with a Tongan princess. He is a planter here now and has as fine a family of half-castes as you would wish to see. The Tongans are magnificent-looking people. Their manners are most civilized — 'Quite nice,' in fact. It is in such respects that the Aobese are so different from the other New Hebrideans. Of course, their code is not the same as ours, but they are very strict. They do not say, 'O, thank you so much, darling; where *did* you manage, etc.' Gifts are presented in the most utterly careless manner and received with the most stately indifference. It is only the vulgar, ill-bred *missionarises* who deviate from this rule. The inner meaning of the manner is that friendship ought to be quite independent of gifts; and gifts must be

returned strictly *ad valorem*. I have known T——when some of his pals were going home after completing their acknowledgments, use one dollar for 'Good-bye-shake-hands' for at least half-a-dozen friends; he presents the dollar, and ten minutes later the recipient returns it. Its journey then begins again. When you think that the women here earn 10s. a month and that the traders rook them 10s. for a trade print dress (cost price about 1s. 6d.), you can see that a dollar is 'some gift.' It is only the very dignified Aobese who risk the chance of the dollar not coming back.

Just to touch on the boxing question for a minute. I have seen a good few scraps down here, and in most of them a knowledge of boxing was far more hindrance than help. The fights were chiefly of the 'all in' variety, in which the weapons included teeth, chairs, bottles, and feet, with a revolver as the trump card. You see, a boxer makes the foolish mistake of imagining that his opponent is going to fight fair, and consequently he neglects to take advantage of the furniture. Of course, between two average Englishmen the best boxer will generally win if he can hit, but in a mixed fight among Australians, Frenchmen, half-castes, etc., boxing is a very ineffectual asset. I saw one instance in Fila in connection with a baccarat row. A Frenchman challenged an Englishman to come outside and fight. The Englishman naturally accepted and led the way, taking off his coat as he went. The Frenchman began the fight from behind with a bottle, while the Englishman was foolish enough to be entangled with his coat-sleeves. Naturally the fight ended there, and the Englishman recovered consciousness two days afterwards to find that, owing to the unfortunate absence of set rules, he had sustained three

broken ribs as a result of the Frenchman's entire ignorance of the heinousness of hitting (or kicking) an unconscious man. The row ended up quite merrily with revolvers and lasted as a faction fight for some days. And then the original Frenchman sued the original Englishman for damages for abusive language—and got 'em. My motto for these mixed *mêlées* is, 'If you have n't got a revolver or are not prepared to take the consequences of using it, clear out quick and lively.' Neither honor nor cowardice can possibly be appreciated in such company, and, after all, I should hate to think of dying in such a vulgar way.

There was a big dance and *kai-kai* at Lamaru last night to celebrate the wedding of my 'boss-boy,' and as the infernal row lasts from dusk to dawn, I always absent myself on such occasions. Madame, of course, remained for the show. These women would not miss a dance for worlds, and often walk miles on Saturday after work to be present at one. They carry all their finery in a bag and change their costumes various times during the dance. The women are not allowed to take any part in the dance except that of spectator. In most of the islands they are not permitted even to see the men dance; but the 'civilizing' influence of a plantation breaks most of their customs. The islands of Ambrym and Malekula still preserve a most complicated 'caste' system, which the dear missionaries do their utmost to destroy as 'heathenish.' Are we not all bur-ruthers? They even appoint chiefs from among the 'soundly converted' plebeians, and generally have so improved the condition of the heathen that from a virile, strictly virtuous, fertile set of fighting cannibals they have evolved the filthy, cringing, lying, lazy, sterile ranchers.

[*The New Witness*]

THE OXEN AND THE GUN: A FRENCH PEASANT'S STORY OF THE WAR

BY PETER BAIN

IF ever you are fortunate enough to find yourself in the village of Sainte Hilaire, in the fair province of Champagne, be sure to pay a visit to the farmhouse of old Lucien Levasseur and ask the favor of an introduction to Fortuné and Gilbert. You will never regret it.

I had passed through the village, lying peaceful and drowsy in the sunshine, and was slowly climbing the hill beyond, when I noticed just off the road a delightful farmstead at the end of an avenue of poplars. Its quaint gables and the glorious mellow tint of its ancient bricks drew me in till I found myself, at the end of the avenue, in a courtyard before the house. As I halted, unwilling to intrude, an old man, ruddy-faced, white-haired, and velvet-jacketed, came to the open door and greeted me.

'You are welcome, monsieur; you have come, I take it, to see my gun?'

I said no, but that it was the beauty of his home that had drawn my steps from the road. Then I inquired as to the gun he had mentioned.

'But you have not heard?' he asked. 'Look there, then,' and he pointed to a smaller courtyard, opening off the main yard. In it I saw a great gun, with its long muzzle, painted in hideous stripes of green and yellow, pointing upward.

He smiled at the query on my face.

'A story, *hein?* You shall have it. It never tires me to relate how I came to possess a great German gun, with the stamp of Guillaume upon it.'

We walked over and he showed me the device, that had once been so fine

and so proud, stamped upon the breech. 'It was in September,' he began, 'of the most glorious year 1918 that this gun was in position in the orchard there,' and he pointed to an apple orchard beyond the yard. 'We, of course, here, had been far behind the battle line, but as the Boche began to retreat, the tide of battle swept nearer and nearer, till one fine day the village was crowded with his retreating troops. It was intended to make a stand on the ridge there beyond the river, but evidently the plans were changed, and it was decided to continue the retreat. Our boys were sending along some shells, and one fell in the orchard and killed the team of horses which was just harnessing up to pull away the gun. A German officer came running in to me and ordered me to bring out my horses. I told him I had none; the Germans had taken them long since. He went off, but returned soon with a sergeant who had slept the previous night in my house. "The sergeant tells me," he said, "that you have two fine ploughing oxen. Bring them out at once, old man, or it will be the worse for you." I obeyed; there was nothing else to do. I brought them to the gun, and with the help of the soldiers I harnessed them to it.

"Drive them out of the orchard," ordered the officer, "we are in a hurry."

I spoke to them and gave them the signal they knew so well, but they did not move. I spoke again and gave them a flick with my long whip. Still they did not move. "Hurry," cried the officer, angrily, "or you will be shot." I did all I could, but my oxen, the finest pair in all France, who year in, year out, had ploughed my heavy land so well, starting and turning at the end of the furrow at a single word, would not budge an inch to pull a German gun.

"Then the soldiers beat them, mon-

sieur, and beat them cruelly, and I had to stand by and watch my darlings bear the pain without flinching. It is for France, I said to myself, and they know it as well as I. Not an inch did they move. Then the officer saw that it was of no avail, and, with an oath, he turned and departed with his men.

'In another hour or so my courtyard was filled with our brave chasseurs and the day for which we had waited for five long years had arrived.

'When the collection of the German stores and guns was made I told my story to the authorities, and with a word from Monsieur le Maire I was allowed to retain the gun.

'You will be asking, without a doubt, how I got the gun from the orchard to its present position? Nothing more simple,' and he laughed delightedly, 'my oxen drew it there.

'And now, monsieur, I will accord you the honor of an introduction to Fortuné and Gilbert.'

We went through the yard into a clean, sweet-smelling stable, and in it stood two great oxen, one cream-colored, the other pure white with splashes of black. 'Fortuné,' said the old man proudly, pointing to the one, 'Gilbert,' pointing to the other.

Above the stall was a board upon which was inscribed:

'They served their country well.
1914-1918.'

'T is well done, eh? My son painted it last year. But one small thing I omitted to tell you, monsieur. For the past ten years Fortuné here has pulled always upon the off side, Gilbert upon the near side. When I harnessed them to the gun, I reversed them. It was just a little precaution, you understand, a little hint to them, for they have naturally not the same understanding as you or I. But still, I think, in any case, they would have refused to pull. For assuredly it is the good

God who made the beasts of the earth, is it not?’

‘Without a doubt,’ I answered.

And we went out and left Fortuné and Gilbert to their supper.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

ON A SENSE OF HUMOR

BY G. P.

AN officer, demobilized, but, like many others, without a civilian job to turn to, includes among his advertised qualifications for one ‘a sense of humor,’ ‘which,’ he adds hastily, ‘can be suppressed if necessary.’ Unless his advertised readiness to divest himself of a quality to which most people are only too pleased to lay claim must be taken as a mere flourish — a little gesture to prove that this sixth sense is really there and functioning — his afterthought is decidedly crisp and provocative. Much, of course, hangs on what is meant by a sense of humor. If you mean merely the kind of temper that finds a wart on the senior partner’s nose far too mirthful ever to be contemplated without a grin, then there is everything to be said for its suppression on the part of the candidate for advancement. Nor will a talent for horseplay or the practical jokes beloved by the Bohemians of the last century — the Tooles and Burnands — carry a man very far toward a board of directors.

But there is tolerable agreement nowadays that this is not what we mean by a sense of humor. The phrase stands for something that is much more ample and distinguished, something that is almost a philosophy of life. A man may be witty without it. Chesterfield’s letters are not without wit, but there never was a man with less sense of humor than the author of them. A snob has been rather vaguely defined

as a man who meanly admires mean things, but he might also be exhibited as a typical example of the man without a sense of humor — that is to say, one who takes seriously things that are not serious on any broad view of human affairs. We have in effect fined down our debated quality to a sense of proportion, and the opposition to it to a feeling that he must be a dangerous fellow who is liable to weigh, find wanting, and dismiss with a smile the things that other people are all out to secure. The man with a sense of humor may claim to see life whole even though he cannot guarantee to see it steadily. He has maintained into manhood the splendid discovery of the child that ‘the world is so full of a number of things.’ For him there is always more than one side to a question, and, to put the case against him as hardly as his critics could desire, he has too many interests to be successfully self-interested.

Yet is that really the last word on the subject? Are there, after all, so many people born into this world with a more or less complete lack of that *amour-propre* which La Rochefoucauld and the cynics assure us is the motive of everything? A good many pleasant folk with amiable but distracted interests seem prepared to say ‘Yes.’ They lay claim, not without complacency, to a sense of humor; but they would like to bear it as a kind of cross, an additional obstacle that Providence has seen fit to place between them and material prosperity, just as other promising careers are handicapped by dram-drinking or an itch for running after girls. The officer of our advertisement apparently inclines to this view. ‘What,’ he must have asked himself at times, ‘is the use of a sense that lets one see two sides of a question in something like their wise proportions, when the man who can see only one, which is the side that it will pay him to follow,

is able to march so much more steadily to the end that will profit him? To my thinking he is a dull man, and I should be very bored if I were forced to accept his invitation to dinner; but he is also what is commonly regarded as a successful man, and I am bound to admit that his dinner, as a dinner, would be a better affair than I could afford to offer my friends.'

There is something in the reflection, for obviously a man cannot marry a wife or furnish a house or run a motor car on the strength of a sense of humor alone. And certainly it does sometimes look as though an inability to see any farther than the end of one's nose — provided the nose is the kind that is poked diligently into the business of its proprietor — is a distinct advantage in the worldly sense. It keeps a man's head well down to his work. Comfortably blinkered by his most obvious and immediate interests, the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err within his narrow limits.

But it is to be observed, for the comfort of people with a less automatic habit of application, that these limits are narrow. As one mounts higher in the scale of human affairs and achieves a rung where an income is an incidental and not an end in itself, there is reached a stage of larger and more delicate dealings in which it is by no means an advantage to take yourself so seriously that you cannot see the point of view of anyone else. The penalty of not being able to understand other people is that in the end other people may not take the trouble to understand you, an upshot which even the most industrious cultivator of his own interests might well discover to be an embarrassment. In politics and the adjustment of big and intricate affairs a sense of humor counts for much. And on a close scrutiny it will probably be found to be there in all

really able men, in spite of the public determination with which they give themselves to one goal.

Because a man can see two points of view it does not follow that he cannot choose between them, nor, once the choice is made, that he will falter in his advocacy of it. He can, in short, do what presumably our officer had in mind — suppress his sense of humor if necessary. But it has given him one tremendous advantage — he can understand to some extent the case of his opponents. It is difficult to over-estimate the value of this weapon, concealed though it be, in the hands of an able man who has made his choice and will hold to it.

There is one word of warning for less distinguished people who hold that a sense of humor is much too valuable to be suppressed in any cause, however great. They had better examine themselves very straitly to make quite sure that the things they would certify as unworthy of the full man's serious attention are not merely the things in which they do not happen to be interested. A sense of humor should be applied all round and fairly. It is not much use a man's maintaining that entries in a ledger are not to be taken seriously, when all the time he is nursing a passionate conviction that certain examples of his own *vers libre* represent a stage in human development as far beyond Shakespeare as Shakespeare was beyond the ape. There is a curious obliquity about human vision that makes this way of picking and choosing one's trivialities a very comforting pursuit. One would not be surprised to find the successful dull man laying vehement claim to a sense of humor on the ground that it is only his own interests that he regards as sacred, and everybody else's as exquisitely humorous examples of pretentiousness.

[*The Irish Statesman*]

THE CLASSICS AND CLASSICAL HUMBUG

BY E. R. DODDS

I LISTENED the other day to a conversation between two elderly dons. They were discussing how long their profession would last. 'In Russia,' said one of them, 'the humanities will be extinct in twenty years; in Germany, in fifty; in these Islands and America, thanks to Oxford, a few isolated classical scholars will probably be found a century from now. The last man left in the world with a knowledge of Greek will be a Rhodes scholar from Texas; when he dies the tradition of civilization will be broken for good.' The other speaker, with a sigh, disagreed about Oxford. Oxford, he observed, was dependent on schools for its supply, and the schools only waited the impending disappearance of compulsory Greek at entrance to remove that subject from their curricula and devote the money thus saved to the creation of new science laboratories. Already at Harrow, the most conservative school in England, only forty boys out of six hundred, or about six in each year, were taking Greek; from most of the smaller places it had completely vanished. Where the schools led the universities must follow. Another generation, and we should see the end of all serious study of Latin: for what was Latin without Greek but body without soul, form without color, meat without drink, the afternoon without the morning? The second twilight of the gods was at hand.

They had sunk too far into the twilight, those two elderly ghosts, to envisage any possibility of return. Doubtless they will rally to the lost cause of compulsory Greek, and die in the last ditch like scholars and gentle-

men that budding botanists may still acquaint themselves under penalty with a certain number of highly irregular plurals and commit to memory the crib of a small portion of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Yet I felt that there was no help in them. Not by the most impassioned advocacy of irregular plurals shall the breath of the spirit be restored to the rigid if still lovely corpse of the antique world. For we have somehow arrived at an age of realism. We are no longer sustained by the mystical faith of our forefathers, for whom the educational importance of a study varied in the direct ratio of its difficulty and the inverse ratio of its practical utility.

On the one hand we have dared to question the sovereign value of a mental gymnastic pursued solely for the gymnastic's sake: thus, it has become quite usual to doubt the wisdom of requiring the composition in a dead language of many thousands of elegantly imitative verses from boys who have never dreamed of composing anything but an indecent limerick in their own. Again, people are beginning to wonder if the niceties of the modern English prose style may not after all be as conveniently studied in Mr. Conrad as in Cicero; if the career of Bismarck has not as important a bearing on the world we live in as that of Themistocles; if the economics of a modern industrial community do not carry for the members of such a community almost as much interest and significance as the economics of the Greek *Polis*.

Without necessarily adjudicating on these doubts and heart-searchings, one may affirm with confidence that the doctrine of the educational sufficiency of the classics is doomed to death, if not already dead. It was part of the grand conspiracy of humbug which arrogated the title of humanity to a

single department of human knowledge, and made Greek, for the ears of those who knew none, a name of awe second only to Hebrew. That conspiracy dates from the Renaissance; yet it is not with the Renaissance that the guilt of it lies. To the men of the fifteenth century the rediscovered classics were not only a true vehicle, but the only possible vehicle, of that spirit which from time to time rediscovers that the True and the Beautiful are not stale words, but infinite living values. To be a classical scholar then was to be not a conservative but a revolutionary. But the inspiration of the Renaissance went the way of all inspiration: it was institutionalized. Pious discipleship, which began by cherishing the letter for the sake of the spirit, ended by denying the spirit for the sake of the letter; and the subtle wind of the spirit, blowing where it listed, found itself other vehicles. After a century or two, we notice the loss. Having noticed it, it is plainly our business either to rediscover the classics or to scrap them.

It is notorious that the hardest books to rediscover are those we have lived with all our lives — the Bible, for instance. In such cases the delicate sensibilities which thrill to the impact of a new experience have been dulled by custom, and the fineness of the æsthetic palate overlaid with a thick coat of inherited sentiment and second-hand judgments. The Odes of Horace and the Psalms of David oppose to our critical appreciation the same barrier as *Hamlet* — they are too full of ‘quotations.’ If we would free ourselves from the tyranny of suggestion, neither yielding lip-service to the ‘classics’ in obedience to other people’s formulas, nor blindly flouting them to assert an illusory independence, if we would see our literary inheritance steadily and see it whole, we must simplify our

vision until it is as intense and naïve as the vision of a child or an early explorer or a Renaissance scholar. Such seeing is for us unattainable save by a conscious effort of intellectual honesty. Greek and Latin scholarship is at the present suffering through our unwillingness to make this effort.

For some generations past, few of those who have lived in the intimacy of the ancient literatures have judged them as literature; fewer still have attempted to bring them into vital relation with the forces that dominate our present and restate their values in a form intelligible to the new incredulous world. To the majority, ‘literary’ scholarship has been a by-word of contumely. So far was this unrealism carried by the nineteenth century in England, America, and above all Germany, that the scholar, divorced by a mutual contempt from the man of letters who is his natural *alter ego*, ceased to be in any sense a humanist and became an illiterate solver of unimportant linguistic puzzles. The typical scholar of that period, having thrown out by way of justification of his life-work a few perfunctory observations on the ‘Attic grace’ of Sophocles or the ‘pleasing melancholy’ of Vergil, inevitably proceeded to mangle with senile gusto the twenty times mangled corpse of some fancy of the poet’s which a bungling copyist has exalted to the dignity of a ‘crux.’

Happily, there are not wanting signs that our scholars of to-day are coming to care less for ‘cruces’ and more for literature and life. We have begun to produce translations which are not merely readable cribs, but attempts at the transposition of works of art from one language into another by a sympathetic interpretation of temperament; one may instance Professor Murray’s *Euripides*, Professor Phillimore’s *Propertius*, and Mr. Stephen

MacKenna's *Plotinus*. At the same time the background of ancient life begins to be illuminated for us by the relatively young sciences of archaeology, anthropology, comparative religion, and sociology. But if the classics are to be saved there must also be a drastic reform of the programme of study in our schools and universities, directed to bringing it into closer relation with living thought and living interests. The most essential changes may be stated (briefly and therefore dogmatically) under three heads:

(1). The teaching of Latin and Greek grammar and composition should be reduced to the bare minimum requisite for an intelligent understanding of the literature. The time and energy thus economized should be devoted partly to the study of English or modern languages, partly to one or more of the new sciences enumerated above.

(2). Classical literature should be studied at school in bulk rather than in detail. Incurably tedious authors, such as Caesar, Xenophon, most of Livy, and Cicero and Demosthenes in their political speeches, should be ex-

pelled from the school curriculum. The schoolboy's staple fare might be drawn from the following: in Latin, Cicero *pro Archia*, *pro Cælio*, and *pro Cluentio*, Catullus, Apuleius, the letter writers, Tacitus, Vergil, and Lucretius; in Greek, Lucian, Herodotus, Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes, the myths of Plato, and the Anthology.

(3). Every person who by the time of entering the university could read without excessive mental contortions a fairly difficult piece of Greek or Latin should be given the opportunity of applying the powers thus gained to his or her special interest, literary, political, philosophical, or scientific: for example, for those interested in the drama a degree course might be designed to include the comparative study of the Attic dramatists, Shakespeare, the classical French theatre, Goethe, Ibsen, and the moderns to Tchekhov and Gordon Craig. For it is only by the creation of some such system of contacts between the old and the new that we can hope to vitalize our understanding of the ancient world and rediscover the classics.

[*The Times Literary Supplement*]

OPTIMISM AFTER THE WAR

HOPE is the second of the great trinity of Christian virtues. And Wordsworth, like St. Paul, puts it second in his similar group of the three virtues by which, as he asserts, we live. Probably he was not thinking of the famous passage in the Epistle to the Corinthians, and indeed only two of his virtues are verbally identical with St. Paul's. But admiration, though a much weaker thing than faith, is after

all at the root of it. We cannot have the Pauline sort of faith, which means an emotion which issues in action, except for a person or an idea which first surprises and then wins us, which fills us first with wonder and then with love. And, though we have somehow made admiration a so much weaker word than either, that is just what it really consists of — wonder and love. But this wonder and love, though the

foundation of faith, are not by themselves faith. For that hope must be added to them. And so perhaps Wordsworth is more exact in his three than St. Paul, for admiration does not include hope, and therefore in this trinity hope must be expressly added to admiration and love. But love and faith make the mention of hope almost unnecessary. For faith implies hope and is meaningless without it.

In either case the importance of hope is plain. Whether implied in faith or superadded to admiration, it is a spring of action, almost as important as or perhaps even more important than love itself. For love, as we so often see, if deprived altogether of hope, has seldom the heart to act, and sinks into the helplessness of mere sympathy.

All this, if true at all, is as true in public life as in private, in politics as in ethics. Those who insisted all through the war, as Wordsworth insisted throughout the struggle with Napoleon, on the duty of hope as the first and paramount duty of all, are to-day sometimes strangely invited by those who were pessimists then and are pessimists now to go back on their creed of hopefulness and admit their mistake. They are asked now at any rate to adopt the temper and the doctrines of those who, having been proved wrong in their expectation of our defeat in war, are revenging themselves by a confident assurance of our failure in peace.

It is difficult to see the logic which justifies this invitation. One would rather have supposed that it was for those who proved wrong to learn of those who proved right. No doubt the pessimists can point out that the optimists were often false prophets. And so of course they were. But that is not the important thing. Both were abundantly wrong about details: the optimists who expected that every

offensive was going to end the war, and the pessimists who were certain that everybody was a fool who did not see that Paris was going, or the Channel ports, or the Suez Canal, or our command of the sea. Here there is little to choose. But in the main issue, and it cannot be too often repeated that it was a moral issue as well as an intellectual, the optimists were wholly right and the pessimists wholly wrong. Hope was once more justified of her children. As in 1812 and 1813, so in 1917 and 1918 those who knew they had a duty to do to the very end, and never doubted that in the end they would get it done, proved to have the true moral and political instinct; and both those who a hundred years ago at Holland House thought that 'the man was invincible,' and those who three years ago at Lansdowne House or elsewhere were sure that we never could defeat the German army, showed moral weakness as well as political blindness.

Indeed, in each case the political blindness was partly due to the moral weakness. Their faith, for lack of hope, had no life in it: their love degenerated into sympathy: their admiration made of wonder and love which they should have felt for their own country was changed into a baser thing made of wonder and fear with which they allowed the armies of the enemy to overwhelm them.

Is there not the same contrast, and largely between the same people, in the temper with which the problems of peace are being faced? Now, as three years ago, the pessimists have plenty of obvious justification for their pessimism. The picture of Europe is a very different one from what it was then. But from some points of view it is even darker and sadder. The Allies won the war. But, too plainly, they have not yet won the peace. The actual document which is called the

Peace Treaty is open to very serious criticism. Scarcely anybody defends the provision in it which penalized the recovery of German industry by exposing Germany to uncertain financial demands only to be limited by her power to meet them. Mr. Keynes, starting from this strong ground, has violently attacked the whole work of those who made the treaty in a book which exhibits every kind of ability except the political kind, and shows its writer a man of almost all the virtues if we could forget that modesty and a sense of honor have hitherto been counted among them. But the agent who casts himself for the part of principal is a well-established figure in political comedy.

Mr. Keynes knows everything except the elements of politics, which is the science of discovering, and the art of accomplishing, the practicable in public affairs. What was the title of the pamphlet Milton issued a few weeks before Charles II entered London in triumph? Was it not something like a short and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth? Mr. Keynes is not Milton, and two hundred and fifty years of political experience which Milton could not have have not taught him the things which in that infancy of English politics Milton could scarcely be expected to know. He is still in the elementary school of politics, and believes that exhibiting on paper the desirability of a particular course of action is solving the problem of statesmanship. A single year of office in any Cabinet in Europe would have taught him his mistake. Men are not fixed mathematical abstractions. They are very inconstant living things, made up of passions and prejudices and habits, absurd loyalties and unreasonable antipathies; and whether the peace of Europe, or the settlement of Ireland, or, to take the greatest of

all, the establishment of a League of Nations be the matter in hand, the real difficulty is, as a rule, not nearly so much the discovery of what is best to be done as of what is the nearest approximation to it which, men and things being what they are, has any chance, first, of getting accepted, and, secondly, of proving workable and lasting.

By that second test the Treaty of Peace has yet to be tried, and it will assuredly prove sufficiently severe. There is no need to try it by unpolitical and fanciful comparisons with what it might have been if the French and the Poles had been suddenly healed, in some night of miracle, of their memories both of a distant past in which they see nothing but their own greatness as self-love shapes it and of a more recent past in which they see only German barbarism and brutality blackened by the hatred of the injured. Wise men, and men who make allowance for the weaknesses of human nature, will have enough to do without that. Their task is to take things as they are and so to use them as gradually step by step to bring them a little nearer to what they might be. In what spirit are they to approach it? Surely in the same spirit as they faced the war, the spirit of a modest but unconquerable hope.

There is no reason for hope to be ashamed of herself in peace any more than during the war. It is quite true that the optimists of peace have made as many mistakes as the optimists of war. The making of peace has proved a harder and much longer business than they supposed. The return to normal ways, to say nothing of normal prices, has been much slower. The healing of the temporary insanity of Russia has been delayed longer than the optimists expected, and the old family doctor on whom they relied has

had to give up the case. It is now seen that the strait-waistcoat which he recommended was not the right treatment. The case is seen to be one in which the patient must be allowed to indulge the cerebral excitement which is his disease, so far as is compatible with the safety of other people, until fatigue of body and mind have led him back to sanity through exhaustion. All these disappointments of the optimist, and others besides, are plain enough.

But as in the war, the mistakes of the pessimist have been even more conspicuous. He told us that Bolshevism would spread all over Europe directly the war was over. It has not yet spread outside Russia, and those who know Germany best are most confident that both the virtues and the vices of Germany will protect her against a system which would only be workable in a country where no one had acquired any habits, no one had any feeling of race, and no one cared anything for his own material interests. He told us that the extremists who had everywhere been so noisy in the guise of pacifists during the war would sweep every country as soon as elections were held. In the last year of the war, and in the year and a half which has elapsed since, elections have been held nearly everywhere; and in all countries, with the possible exception of Italy, their most conspicuous feature has been the rout of the Revolutionary or Bolshevik Left.

As for the relations between Labor and Capital, grave and anxious as the situation undoubtedly still is, whether we look to England, France, or America, it is certainly better, not worse, than the prophets of evil would have had us expect. The wheels of the industrial machine still do a good deal of creaking, and even stop at times; but we are perhaps in danger of allowing the creaking and the stoppages which force themselves so unpleasantly

on our attention to make us forget that they occupy only a very small portion of the whole contemporary life of the machine, much the largest part of which passes in smooth and unnoticed obscurity.

It is true that some of the methods employed to set the wheels going again after a stoppage seem to call up uncomfortable memories of Ethelred the Unready. Either what is demanded at a strike is reasonable, in which case it ought to be given without waiting for a strike, or it is unreasonable, in which case it ought not to be given at all, and most particularly not after a strike. But it is easier, as Mr. Keynes does not know, to construct these intellectual dilemmas than to show statesmen a way of never falling into them. We live in a time of excitement, with the sea of our politics and society still restless with the waves of the most tremendous of all storms, waves which must be expected to take longer than any others ever took to subside. And if, as may well be, there is nothing so important as to give them time to perform that natural process of subsiding, it may be that the best way of meeting demands which cannot perhaps be justified either by facts or by arguments (but are not on that account any the less strongly and honestly put forward) is by making concessions which could not get the approval of any strict court either of politics or of political economy.

Thirty-two years ago Matthew Arnold noted down as one of his daily mottoes for meditation some words of a French optimist: 'Rien ne s'arrangera plus dans ce monde que par la raison et l'équité, la patience, le savoir, le dévouement et la modestie.' When one reads such words and looks back on what happened in 1914 and the years which followed it, optimism at first seems the veriest vanity of vanities. And yet, so obstinate is optimism,

so hardly a growth is hope in men who mean to live, that some believers in human nature will still reply that the felon stroke of 1914 was the work of one nation or at most of two; and that history may perhaps ultimately judge that the really significant fact about 1914 is not that war broke out, but that such active, large, generous, sincere, and widespread efforts were made to prevent it. The old wars broke out easily enough, almost as a matter of course. This war perhaps opens the new era by the horror which the very thought of it inspired beforehand everywhere except among the handful of criminals who were bent upon bringing it about; and by the passionate and all but successful efforts of good men to compel them to listen to that reason and equity and patience in which the French writer sees the new rulers of the world.

After all is she not right, in the slow way of being right which is all that any wise man will expect in politics? Is it not the simple truth that everywhere to-day many things which fifty years ago would have been decided simply by bare law, by the result of mere remorseless competition, or on the naked system of 'might is right,' are being settled by conferences and mutual concessions between the parties affected? Of course the settlements, whether the disputes are between nations or between bodies of workmen and employers, are often greatly influenced by the forces which either party could bring into play if no settlement were effected. But is the hope and plan of a League of Nations and the wide force of reasonableness and good will which have gone to its formation to count for nothing? Surely the mere creation even of the forms of such a League proves something, is evidence of a new spirit in the world which did not exist a generation ago. It has difficulties enough before

it, and it may fail; but the optimist is surely entitled to point to its mere establishment on paper as proof of a new desire to take a step forward toward substituting the rule of equity for the rule of force.

So in domestic affairs; is it unreasonable of him to claim that the mere setting up of such bodies as Whitley Councils, the mere increase of the practice of employers and employed meeting together and discussing difficulties and differences, is once more proof of a new temper and a new method which at first may seem to produce at least as much friction as the old, but has a new promise in it which the old could not have? The new method, no doubt, leads to unreasonable claims — claims which are sometimes quite incompatible with the continuance of an industry, and may yet have to be met by firmer and harder methods than concession. Or rather it does not lead to them. They were there before; only they were suppressed or inaudible under the old system of 'Do what I tell you, take what I offer you, or go.'

The new way is with all its difficulties at least a move toward the recognition of reason and equity as the ultimate court of appeal in industrial affairs. Yes; and as George Sand adds, also of patience, knowledge, good will, and modesty as their assessors and *amicæ curiæ*. Where could one find a better list of the qualities which such a court needs? They are not yet any more conspicuous, no doubt, in the average employer or workman, than they are in the average man. But the point, on which the optimist may fairly insist, is that the new system does all that a system can do to call them into existence and stimulate their growth. Meeting together is a proof of good will, a school of patience and modesty, an almost certain road to increased knowledge on both sides. And perhaps that

increased knowledge is the most urgent need of both. The employer has to learn the workman's point of view and his determination no longer to play the part of a mere tool in industry. That is often very new to him. He has got to learn it, think about it, and make up his mind to satisfy it, not by some independent plan of his own but by some plan worked out in conjunction with his men. So he has also to learn the workman's view of the risk of periods of unemployment, and find some way of facing a difficulty of which he has generally thought little, but which is a constant nightmare to many workmen.

Again the men have to learn that the accumulation of capital is at all times, and especially after a great war, a first necessity for the life of the whole people, and certainly not least of those who earn weekly wages. For their two principal needs are regular employment and abundant supplies of all kinds, and every million added to the capital of the country inevitably tends to produce both. They have also to learn that this accumulation cannot take place — as may be seen in all the savage and backward countries of the world — unless capital be assured of a reasonable return. For men will no more save without the promise of income than they will work without the promise of wages. At least they will only take the chance of no return in case of failure, a chance which happens oftener than workmen realize, if they are also allowed the other chance — of a very high return in case of success.

These and a hundred other things, seen now only on one side of the tables of conference, may be fairly expected to be seen by both as patience, good will, and modesty help and are helped by knowledge, and all gradually more and more place themselves at the service of reason and equity.

So hope insists on fixing her eyes on the sunnier side of a largely overclouded landscape, and believes that in peace as in war her method will prove its own justification by helping to furnish the strength needed to turn her vision into reality. Moreover, Englishmen may be forgiven for thinking that hope can nowhere have a better foundation to build on than the history and character of the English people. Have we not now for seven centuries been always developing the method of free discussion, and always more and more using that, and not force, as the right way of adjusting our differences and disputes? What did our greatest political thinker put his trust in? Was it not 'the inbred integrity, good sense, and good humor of the English people'? May not hope follow modestly in the steps of Burke and believe that these qualities, which have never failed us in the great crises of the past, will no more fail us now? For if the crises and the problems of to-day are partly new, the men who are to solve them are not new, even if, perhaps, they think they are. They are of the old stock, and not to credit them with the old genius for finding a way out of difficulties would be to deny our faith in the English race.

[*The London Mercury*].
STORM AND STARS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

NAKED night; black elms, pallid and streaming sky?
Alone with the passion of the wind,
In a hollow of stormy sound lost and alone am I,
On beaten earth a lost, unmated mind,
Marveling at the stars, few, strange and bright,
That all this dark assault of surging air,
Wrenching the rooted wood, hunting the cloud of night,
As if it would tear all and nothing spare,
Leaves supreme in the height.

Against what laws, what laws, what powers invisible,
Sought not, yet always found,
Cries this dumb passion, strains this wrestle of wild will,
With tiger-leaps that seem to shake the ground?
Is it the baffled, homeless, rebel wind's crying,
Or storm from a profounder passion wrung?
Ah, heart of man, is it you, the old powers defying,
By far desires, by terrible beauty stung,
Broken on laws unseen, in a starry world dying,
Ignorant, tameless, young?

'THE ARTS AND LETTERS

CURRENT SPEECH

I HAVE just been to the country on a picnic. After some dozen miles down quiet rural roads we came to a pleasant pine wood which hides an excellent spring, and by these cool waters we unpacked our hampers. The sandwiches consumed, the doughnuts eaten, the thermos bottle drained to its last miraculous drop, a picnic mood of sweet content, mild boredom, and gentle out-o'-door spring laziness fell upon us, and I, for my part, turned to our national anodyne, the Sunday paper.

I began in the normal manner with the comic supplement, that journalistic cocktail which enables folk to swallow the massy meal of murders, pay-roll robberies, auto accidents, slayings, probings, idiotic breach of promise letters, and baseball gossip. A sunlight so intense and golden as to seem almost tangible came in rays through the branches; little vagrant breezes, sweeping close to the ground, fluttered 'the supplement's' edges, and a faint tarry whiff of newspaper ink mingled with the fresh, sweet odor of the pines. But I do not intend to criticize the comic supplement as an institution. Others have done so in no unmeasured terms, and if I recollect rightly, 'vicious' was the least of their adjectives. Perhaps these good moralists, however, may have been a little too severe. I have no doubt but that the artists, every one of them, are the best of husbands and fathers, live in an atmosphere of domestic quiet, and put out the cat every night before they go to bed. It is enough to say that this

particular sheet was vulgar, ugly, and incredibly silly.

Nothing more completely revealed these qualities than the little speeches which the characters of the 'series' addressed to each other. Heaven help us, I thought, if these anthropoid 'gotchas' and 'getchas' are veritable reflections of our national speech! And I tried to think of a single fellow creature debased enough to talk consistent comic supplement speech, but in vain. The fact, however, that this lingo, in all its emptiness and vulgarity, is deemed good enough for the millions is a genuinely serious sign; it is a sign that the incomparable raciness and variety of English as a *spoken tongue* is no longer appreciated by the mass of the people. Can you imagine this 'gotcha' and 'getcha' rubbish as being offered to those everyday London citizens who gave the Elizabethan playwrights their audiences? Are we to allow current speech to sink to this gutter-grating level?

The great trouble with common speech to-day is that there is no model of fine English which is generally read. In other days, there was in every home a model of the noblest tongue ever held up to the admiration of the sons of men—the authorized version of our English Bible. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of the King James version on current speech of the past. Read aloud every day, studied in the churches, enjoyed, perhaps unconsciously, as great poetry, the English Bible sat throned in the

home as a treasury of dignified speech. Lincoln is incomparably our greatest master of English speech, and Lincoln was a true initiate of the great version. To this day the speech of the old-fashioned, self-respecting, Bible-reading country farmer has a color, a raciness, a flavor, an imagery wholly unknown to the youngsters of to-day, whose speech is influenced only by some grotesque country paper or hurried metropolitan sheet. Surely of the many effects of the weakening of the church, *the passing of the Authorized Version out of the cultural life of the people* is by no means the least serious.

The comic supplement flutters in the wind. Crows rise on great melancholy wings from the newly ploughed field beyond the wood. Oh; Democracy, what pronunciations are committed in thy name!

H. B. B.

MR. MASEFIELD'S almost unknown play *The Locked Chest* was recently produced in London by the St. Martins in the Field's Players, a company of professional actors got together by the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, Vicar of St. Martins, who is trying to revive the mediæval relations between the church and the theatre. The play is an unpleasant one, and seems oddly chosen. It is concerned with a farmer in Ireland, a cringing coward who suddenly finds that his wife is sheltering in the sheepfold a cousin who has slain his man in fair fight. But the dead man was the brother of a mighty lord, and the one really dramatic scene in Mr. Masefield's play was when the great man, with murder in his heart, quietly bribes the farmer and cajoles him into revealing the hiding place. But in the meanwhile the wife has managed to smuggle the cousin into a locked chest, and when the great

lord calls for the key she betrays the truth to everybody, except apparently the great lord himself. He tosses the key back to her and departs; the wife and the cousin leave the husband to his shame, and the last impression one gets of the old farmer is a maniac who babbles that he will have to change his religion.

ONCE more, the film, to which America devotes so little serious criticism. In a recent *Telegraph* the question of Drama versus Film was reviewed by the veteran playwright Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. We quote his review in full:

'The ever-growing popularity of the film, its sweeping capture of our millions of amusement seekers, prompts an inquiry into the relations of the picture play and the spoken drama. What quality and kind of pleasure does the spoken drama give us that the film can never offer? What delights can the film provide that are beyond the reach of the drama? What separate domain of its own has each form of play where its rival can never intrude?

'The dramatist wins enduring renown by his dialogue, and by his dialogue alone. To write a successful play he must have many other gifts and acquirements besides that of writing appropriate dialogue.. He must call in the scene-painter, the upholsterer, the costumier, the electrician, and other adjuncts to help him to express himself. But his dialogue alone has permanent value; all the rest of his trappings are perishable. The difference between *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* and a stock melodrama is that *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* can be read and studied as literature. That is the reason they have held their place in our theatre for 300 years. That is also the chief reason why they fail on our

modern stage. They are literature. They demand serious thought and feeling from an audience. They ask for examination, and offer emotional and intellectual enjoyment on these grounds. What worse recommendation could a play have for our modern theatrical managers, and for our popularly educated audiences, than that it offers them literature and intellectual enjoyment?

'It is clear, then, that the film can never afford the highest quality and kind of pleasure that spoken drama can give — the pleasure of literature.

'Again, the voice has always been the chief gift of the actor, his chief means of swaying his audience and stirring their emotions. In the spoken drama mobile features, facial play and expression, appropriate gestures, and movements of the body are of great value. But they are the mere servants and useful companions of the voice. In the highest forms of drama, they count for little unless the total effect is harmonized by a flexible, persuasive, well-trained, manageable voice. In opera it is nearly always the singer who triumphs over the actor. The *vox humana* is an infinitely more difficult instrument to play upon than the violin. Its modulations are far more numerous and subtle, and to bring out its full music it needs a far longer and harder training.

'I have watched Coquelin giving a lesson to a pupil. I wondered no longer why the poetic drama holds its place on the French stage, and why French audiences enjoy plays that contain strenuous thought and serious criticism of life. Charles Wyndham's voice had little range, but what wonderful tunes he played upon it. He told me that, all through his earlier career he cultivated it and practised upon it incessantly. It is mainly by the voice that the actor gets his finest and worthiest

effects. What the dramatist has written falls dead upon the stage unless it is vitalized by the actor. The present condition of our English theatre is partly due to the general neglect of voice cultivation by our actors. Indeed, Mr. Archibald Spofforth, in his rather impertinent pamphlet, *Our Preposterous Stage* (Bogus, Kidd, and Co., Amen Corner), advances the plausible theory that Providence has recently developed the film 'industry' with the kindly purpose of saving English actors the trouble of learning elocution. I have never been able to fathom the ways of Providence, but Mr. Spofforth's arguments seem to be worthy of consideration.

'Be this as it may, it is clear that, as the film play forbids the dramatist to use his chief and highest means of expression, so also it forbids the actor to use his chief and highest means of expression. It condemns them to silence, and shuts out from both of them all hope of reaching the highest summits of their legitimate ambitions.

'What balancing advantages and compensations has the film to offer to the actor and the dramatist?

'To the film actor and actress it offers universal, though not immortal, fame, by displaying their photographs in extraordinary attitudes in every city of the civilized world, perhaps in five hundred theatres on the same night. It further offers to star performers a salary about fifty times as great as our Minister of Education receives for educating our working classes to avoid manual labor, or about twenty times as great as our Prime Ministers before the war received for legislating in ignorance and blind indifference to our coming emergencies. With these comparisons in our minds, having regard to the respective services rendered to the country and their financial results it will be readily allowed that the

moneys paid to our star film performers are wisely and profitably spent.

‘What opportunities and advantages does the film play offer the dramatist that the spoken drama denies him?’

‘The principles of construction are the same for both classes of play — to tell an interesting story in a progressive, concerted series of actions, so that it leaves the impression of being a concrete entity, so that you are obliged to think of it as an indivisible organism, with all its parts in living unity.’

‘In our modern comedies and dramas we have reached a high level of constructive skill. The best examples of construction in our modern theatre exhibit workmanship as fine and dexterous as the goldsmith can show. I am not now speaking of the pre-war masterpieces of our “Theatre of Ideas.” If a dramatist has “ideas,” he need not trouble about construction, or about telling an interesting story. All that he has to do is to unload his “ideas” in a heap on the stage and leave the critics and the public to sort them out.’

‘But if the principles of construction are the same in the film play and in the spoken drama, their application is widely different. Our modern convention of one scene in an act, or one scene for four acts, though it is admirably suited for drawing-room comedy, is terribly cramping and repressive to the dramatist. It pins him in small corners, and forbids him to roam on large adventures.’

‘Aristotle has discoursed on the rigid limitations of the drama, compared with the wide and varied expanses of the epic — that is, the novel. The Shakespearean convention — a dozen scenes in an act — is the only formula that allows to the drama something of the spaciousness, the freedom, range, and variety of the epic.’

‘But, compared with the film, even the epic, the novel, shrinks into paro-

chial dimensions and becomes a tedious and dilatory chronicler of humdrum events. The film theatre is as wide as the world itself, as bustling and as varied. It is as universal as the ‘casing air.’ Its busy omnipresence evades all difficulties of transport. It annihilates distance and leaps across a continent more swiftly than Marconi. It takes its audiences on stranger and wilder excursions than Cook, and needs not to provide them with an interpreter — for it shows them what is understood of all men in all nations.

‘In the volume, variety, and impetus of its action — that is, in the very essence of drama — in its swift, vivid, multiple transformations, its startling command of contrast, its power of concentration on valuable minutiae, its capacity for insinuation and flashing suggestion — in all these truly dramatic qualities the film play offers to the dramatist an infinitude of opportunity compared with the spoken drama.’

‘The film is a boggler at comedy, except of the rude and boisterous kind which *Thalia* reproves. But the film invites and welcomes romance and imagination and opens a large field for their exploits. Now imagination, from Shakespeare downward, is largely shut out from our modern stage, with its pert vulgarities and dictionary of slang. Tongue-tied already, and almost banished from the spoken drama, imagination may perhaps find a home in the film theatre. She will be deprived of speech, but how rarely she is allowed to open her lips upon the regular stage! May not imagination find utterance in the vast pictorial resources and devices of the film theatre and throw her magic beams among its fascinating lights and shadows, and employ the quick vibrations and successions of the screen to tell larger stories of human life than are being told to-day upon the stage of the spoken drama?’

[*The London Mercury*]

SORROWING FOR CHILDHOOD DEPARTED

BY W. J. TURNER

Who is there among us who has found
the key
Of the treasure that is locked in the
hearts of men?
Only the poet lonely in his chamber
Or the man remembering his child-
hood again.

Hearing gay voices, my heart is hollow,
An empty room with bright colors
on the walls;
The speech of my brother is no more
than a traffic
That remote and coldly on my dull
brain falls.

I am deaf to the song in the speech of
my fellows,
I have outwitted my childhood's
desires;
And where have I traveled that to the
far horizon
Dead in the landscape are earth's
bright fires?

Didst thou ever murder, Macbeth, thy
sorrow,
Didst thou ever murder thy soul's
young joy,
Thou hadst never flinched from the
life of another,
Thou hadst but with laughter stol'n
from him a toy!

Would that a Spirit had stolen from me
The glittering baubles of my cun-
ning mind,
And left me the sweet forest of my
wondering childhood,
Its transparent water in tall trees
enshrined.

Then was I happy. Love was my com-
panion;
I was in communion with star and
stream;

With bird and with flower I was linked
in rapture,
We stared at each other — the
valley's dream.

Out of the mountains we were carven,
Birds and flowers, stream, rock, and
child —
O but I belong there! I am torn from
my body,
In that far-away forest it lies exiled!

There falls the water transparently
shining,
Hangs there a flower that blooms in
my eyes.
Long have I been ready! let me go
thither,
And unloosen my limbs to those
dream-colored skies.

O that it were possible! but that land
has vanished;
The magic of that valley has
crumbled away;
Bright crowds are there only, the
mind's cold idola;
And my footprints on the dead
ground startle the day.

[*To-Day*]

TO A BAT

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

The sickle moon is in the west
And where, against the fading green
A thicket darkles, shall be seen
The humming chafers on their quest.
Come, leather-bird, rise up and gird!

Round sunset eaves there boom again
Great beetles on their sharded wings
And many air-born, lesser things
Are tapping at the window pane.
Come, flitter-mouse, and haunt my
house.

But where the stygian water broods,
Dim twilight homes forevermore,
And bats beat up the dusky shore
For white ghost moths in phantom
woods.
Come, pipistrelle, fly off to hell.

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Edited by WILBUR CROSS



FOR JULY

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